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OUR DEAD.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY SADIE BEATTY.

Here and there o'er the wide green earth
Rise low mounds abloom with flowers;
Birds' gay singing and zephyrs' mirth
Ring above them in summer hours;
Bend with reverence passer-by,
For our dead beneath them lie.

Our dead! so we living say,
All who breathe can testify
To quiet sleepers laid away
Somewhere under the arching sky;
Laid away from the din and strife
And the bitter cares of worldly life.

Oft we kneel by their lowly bed,
Seeking answer to love's demand,
No whisper comes from the voiceless dead,
No echo from the silent land;
Ne'er a token from Eden bowers—
And yet we know they are ours.

Else why the longing still to rise
Nearer the home where they abide?
Why do we see in sunset skies
Tints like the robes of the glorified?
Why? unless their Heavenly birth
Has left unchanged the ties of earth!

Yes, they *are* ours! And oh, how sweet!
To know their spirits watch and wait
The coming of our weary feet
To enter at the pearly gate;
While their ashes in each mound
Has made all earth as holy ground.

A JUST RETRIBUTION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

CHAPTER XI.

TOLD IN THE TWILIGHT.

The next morning Olive and Mr. Carhart had a long talk together in the library. When the interview was over, she sought Mario Almont.

He was in the sitting-room. He got up, and bowed with smiling politeness as she came in, and handed her a chair.

"Thank you, I will not sit down," she said. "I have been talking with my father about what you proposed last night. I think I would like to have another talk with you on the subject."

"With pleasure," he answered, a glimmer of anticipated triumph in his eyes. "Whenever you please."

"I will walk with you in the garden this evening," she said; "there we will be unobserved, and can talk at our leisure."

"Very well," he answered. "In the garden this evening then. I hope you will look at the matter in a reasonable light, for your sake, and for your father's, if not for mine."

Such a long day as it was! The hours dragged themselves away more slowly than any hours ever had before. Olive waited with eager impatience for the night to come.

"Will it *never* be night, Kate?" she questioned, walking to the window and looking at the west. "The sun seems to stand still. I don't think it has moved for the last hour."

Kate shared something of Olive's impatience. Believing, as she did, that Allyn Sherwood was innocent, she longed to *know* that some other person was the guilty one. Olive had told her of her interview with Barbara, and she wondered how the awful secret came into the possession of this poor girl.

At last the day died in royal splendor, and the stars came out one by one in the blue overhead. Olive wrapped a shawl about her and went down.

Almont was waiting for her in the parlor. He joined her, and they went down the steps together, and she led the way along the path to the place where Barbara had promised to be in waiting. She was at a loss how to begin the conversation, and there was a silence between them for a little time. But at length she mustered up courage to break it.

"I want to talk with you about the proposal you made last night," she said. "If I am not mistaken you told me that if I did not consent to be your wife in a week from that time, you would foreclose the mortgage you hold, and turn us out of house and home?"

"That was what I said," he replied. "I hope, however, you will not compel me to perform that disagreeable task."

"There is no other way? You would not wait until my father could borrow the money?"

"No," was the reply. "That would be giving up the object I had in view when I bought up the mortgage. It was not to gain possession of the estate, but, through the power which this mortgage would put into my hands, to gain possession of you. I am frank with you, you see."

"Yes, and I am glad of it," she answered. "It is best that we should understand each other fully."

After that there was another interval of silence. She broke it by saying,

"I want to ask you about something else—something which was hinted to me yesterday. Have you been making love to Barbara Gower?"

He started, and his face flushed. How did she know anything about that?

"I have *not* been making love to Barbara Gower," he answered. "I have seen that young lady but a few times."

"But Barbara evidently thinks you meant something by your attentions to her," went on Olive, determined on drawing him out.

"Perhaps Barbara informed you of all this herself," he sneered. "If she thinks I meant anything by the 'attentions' to which you refer, beyond my own amusement, she is mistaken. She is a pretty little fool, and I like her face well enough—but as for caring for her—bah!"

His tone was expressive of disgust.

"And you would not marry her if I refuse to accept the terms you offer?"

"I would not marry her if she was the last woman in the world," he answered; "you need not be jealous of her."

"I am not," Olive answered. "I will not keep you longer, Senor Almont. I think I understand you now."

"May I hope?" he asked eagerly.

"*No!*" she answered, with a firmness in her tone that was inexorable. "You may do your worst, but I will not be your wife. Good-night."

She turned and walked away toward the oak tree, where Barbara Gower had promised to meet her, and reveal to her the secret of Brent Lisle's murder. She reached the tree, and looked about for the girl. She had not yet reached the spot.

"She will be here!" Olive cried. "She promised to meet me here, and tell me all." How her heart fluttered! Her cheeks seemed on fire with the excitement in her breast, one moment, and cold as ice the next. She waited, and the moments dragged themselves away more slowly than the hours had done, but Barbara Gower did not come.

"Where can she be?" she asked herself. "What can have happened to her!"

The minutes grew into an hour. An awful fear took possession of her.

"She will not come," she cried.

And though she waited for hours and hours after that, Barbara did not come.

Crouching in the shadows not fifteen feet from where Olive and Mario Almont talked, Barbara Gower heard every word of the conversation that passed between them.

As it went on a gray pallor settled over her face, and the light seemed to die out of her eyes, as if her last hope were dead.

She watched Olive walk away toward the place where she had promised to meet her.

Almont remained standing in the path, seemingly trying to comprehend what Olive's meaning could have been in seeking this interview while her mind was still as firmly adherent to her former decision against him as it had ever been.

Barbara waited for him to move away. He did not stir. He was evidently intent on some new plan.

She rose up and began to glide away quietly in the shadow of a tree. She stepped on a twig, and it snapped beneath her foot with a sharp and clear crackle. Almont was at her side in a moment. He caught her by the arm fiercely.

"Who are you, woman?" he cried. "What are you doing here?"

She lifted a white, wild face to his, on which ten years of age seemed to have left their record within the last two days.

"It is I!" she cried, confronting him. "The girl you pretended to love, but whom you wouldn't marry if she was the last woman in the world. You see I heard you. I know what you are now. I learned it from your own lips."

"How dared you spy upon me in this way?" he cried, clenching his hand upon her arm till she cried out with pain.

"I *dared* because I could not believe what I heard about you, and I wanted to be *sure*. I believe it now! Let me go, Senor Almont."

She struggled to get free, but he held her fast in an iron grip. "You see I am stronger than you are, pretty Barbara!" he said, smiling with mocking irony. "Give me a kiss, won't you?"

"Stronger than *I* am!" she cried, with flashing eyes. "Stronger than I am! You don't know what you are talking about, Mario Almont."

"You would make quite a tragedy-queen," he sneered, still retaining his hold upon her. "I would try the stage, if I were you."

"You laugh at me!" she cried, a dull red spot coming in her cheeks. "You think me a poor, ignorant, weak girl, just fit for you to amuse yourself with. It was royal sport for you to tell me that you loved me, and deceive me, and win away my honor from me! Royal sport! But I am stronger than you are, Mario Almont, in spite of all your boasts, *for I know who killed Brent Lisle!*"

Her dark, excited eyes were full on his face as she spoke these words. He grew white and ghastly, and again that scared, cowed look came into his face, and a strange shiver went over him from head to foot.

"THAT PAPER MAKES ME MASTER OF EVERY FOOT OF LAND OF THIS ESTATE. OF EVEN THE ROOF ABOVE YOUR HEAD."

"What!" he cried, in a hoarse, unnatural tone. "What was that you said, Barbara Gower?"

She repeated the words so distinctly that he could not misunderstand.

"You would try to frighten me," he said with twitching lips. "*I* know who killed Brent Lisle, too. Allyn Sherwood killed him!"

"Allyn Sherwood did *not* kill him!" cried Barbara. "*I* know he did not, and *you* know he did not!" She looked straight into his frightened, dilated eyes, and her voice and manner were full of a deep meaning.

He shuddered like a man with an ague-fit. His face was livid.

"Girl!" he cried, "are you trying to deceive me? Tell me for I will not be trifled with! Do you know what you are talking about?"

"*I know your secret,*" she answered in a tone so full of meaning that he gasped for breath, and seemed for a moment speechless with fear. "You have deceived me. You have won away my honor; it would have been far more merciful in you to have killed me at once. That kind of a death would have been better than the kind of death you have doomed me to. I believed you, and thought you meant every word you said to me. Now I know that you presumed upon my ignorance of the world to gratify your own cruel selfishness. I *did* love you Mario Almont, till—till one night not long ago!" She gave him another glance full of strange meaning, and he understood it, for he shivered again like a guilty man charged with the commission of a dreadful crime. "I loved you till then, I say. After that I feared you. I could not trust you as I did before, but I would have married you to save myself from dishonor. Yes, knowing what I do, I would have married you. But now I hate you! I *hate you*, Mario Almont, and I will have a sweet revenge. An innocent man shall not die, and the guilty one shall not go unpunished. Oh, revenge will be so sweet! so sweet!"

She looked exultingly into his pale face, and the anticipation of what her revenge would be gave her the look of a Nemesis.

"I see that you know altogether too much!" he hissed. "Do you think I will let you go, to work out your plan of vengeance. No, no, Barbara, you were never more mistaken in your life."

He seized the shawl she wore, as he spoke and gave it a sudden twist about her face, blinding her, and preventing her from crying out. Then he seized her in his arms, pinioning her hands fast to her side by his strong, cruel grasp, and dashed off in the opposite direction from that which Olive had taken.

As he bore his struggling captive on, a plan swiftly resolved itself into determination in his brain. Standing back from the highway in a lonely, secluded spot was an old house which had long been tenantless. To this house he bore her. The door had long since fallen from its hinges. He crossed the threshold, and looked about him.

There seemed but little chance of keeping his prisoner here in safety until he could determine what to do with her. The rooms had no windows, and the doors were gone. Suddenly he thought of the cellar. Groping about he discovered the trap-door in the old floor opening into it. A flight of steps, moss-grown and slimy, led downward.

He took a silk handkerchief from his neck and secured her hands firmly behind her. She was quite still, and made no resistance. He removed the shawl from about her face and found she had fainted.

"She will come to, I think," he said, with a cold, cruel smile. "If she doesn't, it won't matter much."

He bound a handkerchief about her mouth for a gag, to prevent her crying out when she came to herself. Then he descended the rickety cellar stairs, and laid her down upon the bottom.

"I think she will be safe here for a day or two," he said. "I will risk it, at any rate."

He ascended the slimy steps, and replaced the trap-door. Then he took up the shawl and hat which Barbara had worn, and left the old house, taking a different path from the one he had come by.

For some minutes he walked on rapidly. Presently the glimmer of water in the moonlight broke upon his view. He had reached the river.

He dropped the hat upon the water and tossed the shawl carelessly among some bushes growing near the shore. Then he turned and walked away toward the Elms.

As he came near the house he saw a figure pacing to and fro.

It was Olive.

"Why doesn't she come?" he heard her cry. "Oh, where can Barbara Gower be?"

"I was just in time," he said, a glow of triumph in his face. "I see now what Olive Carhart wanted to talk with me for. I have checkmated you, my lady. Barbara Gower is safe!"

CHAPTER XII.

WHERE IS SHE?

Early the next morning Olive put on her bonnet and shawl and walked over to the Gower farm to find out why Barbara had not kept her appointment. Old Mrs. Gower responded to her knock, and opened the door, her face full of trouble and anxiety.

"Is it you, Miss Olive?" exclaimed the old lady. "Come in, please. You haven't been here in a long time."

"I came to see Barbara," said Olive, taking the chair Mrs. Gower handed her. Mrs. Gower's face clouded over immediately.

"I'm in trouble about her," answered the old lady. "I called her this morning, and she didn't answer. Father went up to her room and she wasn't there. She must have gone out last night after we went to bed. She went up to her room quite early, and I did not hear her come down again, but she must, for her hat and shawl are gone. I'm dreadful frightened about her. I never knew her to go off in this way before. She sometimes goes over to Mrs. Ward's, and stays all night with Sarah, and she *may* have gone over there now. Father's gone to see. If she *ain't* there, I can't imagine what *has* become of her."

Then she had not come back home at all! Olive could not tell what to think.

"There's father now," cried Mrs. Gower, catching sight of the old man through the window. She went to the door, too impatient to wait his entrance, and asked if he had found Barbara.

"She ain't over there to Ward's," he answered, in a troubled voice. "She hasn't been there for a week."

"Deary me! What can have become of the girl?" cried Mrs. Gower, dropping into a chair. "I'm afraid something awful has happened to her. She never would have stayed away in this way."

"It is very strange," said Olive, sharing somewhat in the old lady's fear for Barbara. "I did not intend to say anything to you about my reason for wishing to see her this morning—but in view of present circumstances, I think I ought to give you an explanation. Day before yesterday, I saw Barbara, and had a conversation with her, and made a statement which she wished me to prove to her. She agreed if I would prove it beyond any chance of doubt, that she would tell me something which I would give the world, if it were mine, to know. I told her to be at a certain place in our grounds last evening, and I would perform my part of the agreement; and she promised, after I had proved to her that what I said was true, to meet me at a certain place, and tell me the secret of which she was possessor. I proved the truth of my statement, and I am sure she was there to hear it. I went to the place where she agreed to meet me, and waited. She did not come. I waited for hours, but she failed to keep her appointment. This morning I determined to come over and find out why she had failed to do as she promised to. I am really frightened about her."

"I can't understand it at all," said Mr. Gower. "I can't see what could have kept her out all night; nor why she don't come back this morning. Barbara has always been a good, steady girl—and never got into the habit of gadding about much."

"I think you had better get some of the neighbors out and search for her," suggested Olive. "She may have got lost; she may have been taken suddenly sick somewhere."

"Yes, father, *do!*" urged Mrs. Gower. "'Twon't take a dozen men long to hunt the neighborhood over."

"I think I will," he said. "It's the only plan I can think of that would be apt to accomplish anything."

And accordingly, Mr. Gower started out to rouse the neighbors and get them to help hunt for his missing granddaughter.

Olive went home with a heart full of misgivings. A strong suspicion of foul play haunted her. Might not Mario Almont have discovered Barbara Gower, and wishing to keep her out of his way, used any means at his command to accomplish that purpose? Olive firmly believed that her suspicion was well founded, but she did not wish to alarm the girl's grandparents, needlessly, and therefore did not mention it to them.

She went straight to the parlor when she got home. She had seen Almont's dark face through the window as she ascended the steps. Charlie was the only occupant of the room except Almont. But she did not heed him in the least. She went directly up to the Cuban and confronted him.

"Senor Almont," she said sternly, "where is Barbara Gower?"

"I am unable to answer your question," he answered with a mocking smile on his face. "I am not Miss Gower's keeper," he added, flushing uneasily.

"I believe that you know where she is," said Olive, regarding him sternly. "I am sure you do, for your face betrays you. It has a guilty look about it."

As soon as the neighbors could be aroused, the search for Barbara Gower began. Houses were visited, but she was at none of them, and no one had seen her. Then they began to search the forest places and the fields. The search went on all the forenoon, and they found nothing.

"I'm afraid we shan't find her," said her grandfather, who, almost completely tired out, persisted in keeping about with the party. "I'm afraid something has happened to her."

After noon the men renewed the search, and other neighbors turned out to help them, until quite a force was engaged in hunting for the missing girl.

Olive and Kate waited for tidings with feverish anxiety. Charlie was off with the men, but Almont declined to take part in the search.

"You were kind enough to charge me with being concerned in her disappearance," he said to Olive with a cruel, scornful smile. "I am not going to trouble myself about her. Not in the least, but shall leave you to believe just what you please. Your opinion of me is generally very flattering."

"I find no words by which to express my opinion of you," answered Olive. "They are too weak to tell how much I despise you."

"I hope then that you will be ready to seek another home soon," he said, with a smile of exulting triumph. "I begin to tire of this way of living. If *my guests* cannot treat me with civility and common politeness, they should seek quarters elsewhere and leave me in peace."

"*Your guests!*" exclaimed Olive, with a scornful flash in her eyes.

"Yes, *my guests*," repeated Almont. "You are probably aware that the mortgage which I hold makes me the owner of this place. Since I own this place, you are nothing more than guests of mine, and are here on sufferance. I could order you out of doors to-morrow—this moment—if I saw fit. I shall not do so, however, until the week is expired, which I gave you as time to consider on my proposal. Then, if you still adhere to your former decision, I shall expect you to seek another home at once."

"Very well," answered Olive, with a flash of supreme contempt, "we will seek another home then."

The search went on. No traces of Barbara Gower could be found in the grounds about the Elms. The swamp lying not far from the main road was explored thoroughly, but it afforded no clue to the whereabouts of the lost girl.

It was getting to be almost night when the men of the advance party came out by the river some two miles below the Elms. "It couldn't be that she wandered off to the river and got drowned, could it?" asked one of the men.

"Like enough," was the reply. "She might have fallen in, and been unable to get out. Let's go up the river and take a look along the bank. She's in the bottom though if she is drowned."

"What's that?" cried another of the party. "It looks like a hat stuck in the driftwood."

He got a stick and thrust it toward the object which had attracted his attention, and succeeded in securing it.

"It *is* a hat," he said, his voice full of awe. "I'm afraid we've found out what's become of Barbara Gower."

A mile or more above the place where the hat was found, they found a shawl hanging on some bushes growing by the water's edge. The men looked at each other with pale faces.

"It was her shawl," one of them said; "I have seen her wear it, often."

They held a hurried consultation together. "We'd better go home," some one proposed. "It's getting too late to do anything more to-night. In the morning we can get together and drag the river for her body."

This plan met with universal approval.

"But who shall carry the news to her grandparents?" asked one. "*I* don't want to, I'm sure."

A messenger was finally selected, and he started off on his melancholy errand, carrying the hat and shawl which poor Barbara had worn. And an hour later the tidings were spreading like wildfire over the neighborhood that Barbara Gower was drowned.

Olive heard the story which Charlie brought, with a white, frightened face. Dead! and the secret of Brent Lisle's murderer was dead with her. Dead! and Allyn Sherwood must suffer for a deed he never committed.

For Olive believed that Barbara was drowned. She explained it in this way: Hidden behind the lilac-bushes, she had heard Almont's avowal of his own falsity, and deception, and the truth had struck home with such bitterness to the girl's heart—the sorrowful truth that her honor was forever gone, her name henceforth a disgraced one—that she had dared to take her life into her own hands, and had sought relief from her earthly troubles beneath the waters of the river.

CHAPTER XIII.

ARNOLD HAVERHILL'S SISTER.

Two days after the search for Barbara Gower, which resulted in the finding of her hat and shawl, as related in the last chapter, a man ascended the steps of a large, substantial stone building situated on one of the quietest streets of a large inland city, and rang the bell. A man answered his summons at once.

"Is Dr. Andry at home?" inquired the visitor.

"He is in his office," was the reply. "Would you like to see him?"

"I should be glad of an interview with him," answered the man.

"Sit down in the waiting-room, then, if you p'ease, and I will take your card and find out if he is engaged."

The visitor took out a blank card from his pocket and wrote upon it the name and address—

"ARNOLD HAVERHILL,
"Westport, Pa."

and handed it to the servant. "On professional business, tell him," he said.

The servant withdrew and the man waited. Soon the servant returned.

"He is not busy," he reported. "Dr. Andry requests you to come up to his office."

The visitor followed the servant up a flight of stairs to a small, neatly furnished room. A man was sitting in one of the cosey arm-chairs, smoking. He looked up as his visitor entered, and showed a smooth, bland face, which evidently knew how to keep on a calm and unruffled look whatever emotions were at work beneath it.

"Mr. Haverhill, I believe," he said, rising to his feet.

"Yes, sir," replied his visitor. "And you are Dr. Andry?"

"I am Dr. Andry," was the reply; "you wished to see me on business?"

"I believe you keep a private asylum for the insane," said his visitor. "Am I right?"

"Perfectly," replied Dr. Andry.

"I came to see what had to be done in order to get an insane person admitted here," said the man who called himself Haverhill.

"The only thing required by me is the certificate of two physicians, properly qualified to judge, that the patient is insane," replied Dr. Andry. "Provided, of course," he added, "that the person or persons having charge of the patient, agree to my terms of remuneration, which are rather high."

"The terms are of no account to me," replied his visitor. "Then it is not necessary that an examination be gone through with here by you, or any other physician?"

A smile crossed Dr. Andry's face, and he looked keenly at his visitor.

"No; the certificate of two physicians is sufficient," he replied.

"And a patient is safe here?" asked the visitor.

"A patient is safe here," replied Dr. Andry, impressively. "I have men and women in my charge to-day who have been

as completely dead to the world for years as if the grave held them."

"And will there be any delay about the admittance of the patient if I present the required certificate?" asked the visitor.

"None whatever," answered Dr. Andry. "Bring me the certificate, and the patient at the same time if you like, and pay me for six month's keeping in advance. That is all I ask."

"I will bring you the certificate and a patient this afternoon, then," said the visitor. "It is my sister," he added. "She has been insane for some time. Until within the last two months she has been quiet and tractable enough. Of late she has got some very odd notions in her head, and we thought best to put her in some asylum where she could have the care of some experienced physician."

"Perfectly right," answered Dr. Andry, rubbing his smooth hands together approvingly. "Perfectly right, Mr. — Haverhill, did you say?"

The visitor flushed uneasily. "Yes, I said Haverhill," he replied, stiffly.

"I thought so," said Dr. Andry. "It makes no difference, however. I *think I understand you, Mr. — Haverhill!*"

The visitor looked at him with keen and searching inquiry. "I think I understand you," repeated Dr. Andry. "Very often persons bring their dear relatives here for safe keeping, prompted by the *kindest motives*. I meant that I could appreciate your regard for *your sister* in wishing to put her into experienced hands."

"Thank you," said his visitor. "You do me justice. As I wish her *well taken care of* I will pay you an extra fee for your services. As I was saying, she has, of late, got some odd notions into her head. Have you ever heard of the murder that was committed at a place called Westfield some weeks ago? A man of the name of Lisle was killed by a man named Sherwood."

"I remember reading something about it in the papers," answered Dr. Andry.

"Well, my sister, who was always fond of reading romantic stories, and who has got many of their views of life clinging to her weakened mind, heard of this murder, and ever since has fancied that she is a girl who was mixed up in the affair, and pretends to know a great deal about the murder that no one else knows, and says that the real murderer—this Sherwood—is innocent of the crime. As she kept ringing the changes on this fanciful story day after day to whoever would listen, it became very annoying to myself and family. Especially when persons came to our house who knew nothing about the unfortunate state of her mind. This girl, Barbara Gower, whom she fancies herself to be, was drowned some time since. I tell you this that you may know what kind of a turn her mind has taken, and put you on your guard."

"The mind of insane persons often exhibits the most curious freaks and vagaries," answered Dr. Andry. "I shall know how to treat your 'sister,' I think."

"I will pay you the sum you require in advance now," said the visitor, producing his pocket-book. "And I will bring her around this afternoon."

Dr. Andry took a large, leathern-bound book from his desk and made an entry in it, as his visitor directed:

"Alice Haverhill, Westport, Pa. Aged 19. Placed in Asylum Sept. 9th, 18—, by Arnold Haverhill, guardian. To be kept till cured, or until said guardian should see proper to remove her."

Then payment was effected for six month's keeping, and Mario Almont *alias* Arnold Haverhill bade Dr. Andry good morning.

That afternoon the patient was brought to the asylum, and the certificate of insanity produced. Dr. Andry merely glanced at the signatures. "Drs. Jeffrey and Pope. I never heard of them, but it is all right, I suppose." He smiled meaningly at Almont, who knew that he was dealing with a man as cruel and unscrupulous as himself.

"She is violent sometimes, and I gave her an opiate this morning, to keep her quiet," said Almont. "I was afraid she might make a disturbance. She is still under its influence."

"Take the new patient to No. 40," ordered Dr. Andry, to an assistant. "*Your sister* will be perfectly safe here, Mr. — Haverhill."

For two or three days the river was dragged for the body of Barbara Gower, but no body was found—and at last the search was given up.

On the twelfth of September, Mario Almont came back to the Elms. He had been gone four days; where, or on what business, Olive could not conjecture. On the morning after his return he asked an interview of Mr. Carhart and Olive, which was granted him.

"The week I gave you to decide in, has expired," he said. "I wish to know your decision."

"My decision is the same as it was at first," answered Olive, proudly. "I have seen no reason why I should change it, during the past week. On the contrary, it has grown stronger than ever before."

"Very well," he answered, "the proper officer will be here this afternoon to serve a writ of foreclosure on the estate. I suppose, according to law, you can remain here awhile longer, until matters are adjusted legally, but it will be hardly pleasant for you, I fancy."

His eyes shone with a steely glitter; his voice was full of concentrated passion.

"To-morrow my daughter and myself will leave the place," answered Mr. Carhart, quietly, and with dignity. "Neither of us would think, for a moment, of accepting the slightest favor at your hands."

"You may see the time when you will wish you had done otherwise." Almont said, with a threatening gesture. "I am not done with you yet, perhaps."

"Any fate is preferable to the one you hold out for me to accept," said Olive, pale, yet calm and self-possessed. "You will please leave us, sir. We wish no words with you. You are beneath our notice."

Olive's words and manner stung him beyond his power to bear. "Woman!" he cried, with a terrible fury in his eyes, his face white with the heat of passion, "I *hate* you. I told you once that I could love, and I could hate, and that it was but a step between them. You have driven my love across the boundary line, and I have only hate for you henceforth."

"I would sooner have your hate than love," answered Olive, with a disdainful flash of her eyes. "Father, since Senor Almont will not leave *us*, we will leave *him*. Let us end this disgraceful interview at once."

"You carry a high hand now, but I'll find a way to humble you!" cried the Cuban, "I will show you that I am not conquered by a woman."

Olive ignored him and his remark wholly, and followed her father from the room. "What shall we do?" he asked, as they stopped in the hall. "We can't stay here. I'd sooner starve than accept any favor from him as I told him."

"Can't we go to Uncle Geoffrey's?" asked Olive. "I am sure he would let us stay with him until we could decide on what to do. He is poor, I know, but he has a kind heart, and we could pay our own way for a time with money which we could realize from the sale of such articles of furniture as we should not need to keep. I could get into some kind of business before the money we could get in that way was gone."

"I think your plan is a good one," her father answered. "Oh, Olive, you don't know how it pains me to think of giving up our home. There are so many recollections of happy days clinging about it, so many pleasant memories! But I will give it up without a murmur, rather than see you the wife of Mario Almont; I would sooner see you in your coffin."

Olive's eyes were full of tears. The old house had been her home always. It was hard to leave it now; for herself she did not care so much as for her father. He had grown old here, and the place seemed like a part of himself.

"I will get some one to come up from the village, and see to removing the furniture," said Mr. Carhart, with a sigh. "We will stay in the neighborhood until we hear from Geoffrey. I will write to him to-day. I will have a sale made of what we do not care to keep, and while we are waiting to hear from your uncle, we can arrange our plans for the future."

That afternoon as Senor Almont had said, the writ of foreclosure was served. The next day men were engaged, and the furniture and other property removed from the Elms, to a place in the village. Those articles which they decided not to keep, were placed on sale. And in the fading light of day Olive Carhart and her father said good-bye to their old home, and went out from it, to be wanderers for awhile in the world of which both knew but little.

Mario Almont stood on the steps as they came out to leave the place. "Good-bye," he laughed, with a fierce flash of hatred toward Olive. "Don't forget me. I hope to be able to *make* you remember me by and by."

"Mario Almont, if God should deal with you as mercilessly as you have dealt with us, what an awful future is before you. Some day you shall answer for all this, and then you may feel that God's vengeance is not as man's vengeance." Mr. Carhart's voice was solemn and impressive.

"Go," cried Almont. "I don't want to listen to your preaching. I've heard too much already. Go and preach to Allyn Sherwood. *He* will need it."

Mr. Carhart drew Olive's arm within his own and they walked silently away, while Almont sent a parting malediction after them. Somehow his triumph didn't seem as great as he had expected it to be.

In a week, a letter came from Geoffrey Carhart. His was an humble home, he wrote, but they would find a hearty welcome to its hospitality—and he urged them to accept its shelter at once. Consequently Mr. Carhart and Olive prepared to leave Westfield for Geoffrey Carhart's home in Honesdale.

Oh! if she could only see Allyn once before she went away! She sought admission to him, but she sought in vain. At length she gave up the attempt of trying to see him, and wrote him a tender, loving letter, telling him that she was true to him, and of the change that had been wrought in their fortunes since he had been shut away from the world. She told him that they were going to leave Westfield for a time—but, far away or near, her love for him was what it always had been, strong and true, and much-enduring; and that, though all the world believed him guilty, she would never doubt his innocence for a moment. Love, the subtlest of all instincts, told her that he never could have fired the shot which killed Brent Lisle, that lonesome August night. And so Mr. Carhart and Olive left Westfield and went to Honesdale.

Geoffrey Carhart's home was humble, but it was *home*—and the place which bears that name in its true sense, can never be a very cheerless spot. His family consisted of no one save himself and wife. They gave Olive and her father a hearty, sincere welcome, and bade them feel that they were *at home*.

Kate and Charlie had gone home the day before they left Westfield.

Mr. Carhart had realized enough from the sale of part of his furniture to keep himself and Olive for some time—but Olive determined to go to work and get her own living, and accordingly sought the position of governess in some family. After some search she found such a place, which she succeeded in securing, and began her new life of independence.

It was quite dark when the effects of the opiate which "Arnold Haverhill" had "been obliged" to give his sister to prevent any possible disturbance on her part were away, and she came to herself. She sat up and looked about her in the dim light which filtered into the room through a small window high up in the wall, across which was placed a net-work of bars.

"Where am I?" she asked herself. She got up from the low, hard bed upon which she had been lying, and groped about her. She was in a small room, whose floor and walls were of stone. The only furniture the room contained was a chair, a small stand, on which a pitcher of water stood, and a small quantity of food and the bed.

She took the chair to the window and climbed up to look out. Even then her face only came on a level with the window-sill, and she could see nothing but a cloudless sky. She sat down and tried to think. The events of the last few days crowded themselves into her brain in a confused way, and she felt too weak and stupefied to separate them. By and by drowsiness overcame her, and she lay down and slept. When she awoke again it was daylight.

In the light of day she looked about her room, and shuddered at its cheerlessness. "It is like a prison," she said, turning faint at the horrible idea. "My God! Has Mario Almont shut me up as the price of his safety? Can't I get away?" The cold, bare walls of stone seemed written all over with "*No!*"

Presently she heard steps. Some one turned a key in the lock of her door, and presently a man entered. "Good-morning," he said, pleasantly. "How do you feel this morning?"

"I don't know," she answered. "I haven't thought about that. I want to know where I am."

"You are in a private asylum for the insane," answered Dr. Andry, deliberately.

Her face blanched to a deathly whiteness. Her breath came and went in quick gasps. Her eyes dilated, and seemed to be on fire.

"In an insane asylum?" she cried. "You don't mean that Senor Almont put me here, and pretended that I was insane?"

"I don't know anything about Senor Almont," answered Dr. Andry. "I only know that your brother, Arnold Haverhill, placed you here for treatment and safe keeping."

"My *brother!* I never *had* a brother," cried the girl. "My name is Barbara Gower. I am *not* insane. Surely you can see that."

The doctor smiled quietly.

"I know who brought me here!" she continued. "It was Mario Almont. He knows that I hold a secret which puts him in my power; and in order to get me out of his way, he has placed me here. Insane! My God! that man is a perfect demon! I am no more insane than he is—than you are!"

"Ah!" The doctor smiled, and rubbed his smooth hands together, as if they were cold, and he was trying to warm them.

"Are you the person having charge of the asylum?" she asked.

"Yes, I am Dr. Andry," he answered.

"Since I am *not* insane, as he pretended to you, probably, in order to get me shut up here, I suppose I can go whenever I please," she said.

"When I decide that you *are not insane*," answered the doctor, quietly, "you will be at liberty to take your departure from the asylum, and not till then."

"But you can see for yourself that I am *not* insane," she cried. "Talk to me. Ask me any questions you please to. Only try me."

"I haven't any anxiety to," replied Dr. Andry, with an indifference that chilled her with an awful fear. "I haven't the time to spare."

"But I am sane," she cried, in intense excitement; "you have no right to keep me here. I will not stay."

"I will run the risk of your getting away," answered Dr. Andry, smilingly.

"My God! and you, who *must* know that I am sound in mind, will countenance this cruel wrong and keep me here, the victim of a man who has a heart so hard that he is not afraid of committing *any* crime to serve his own ends! If you do not believe what I have told you, about myself and the man who placed me here, write to Westfield, and find out. I can tell you a dozen men to write to, who will prove my story to be true."

"I cannot listen longer," answered Dr. Andry. "I must visit my other patients."

"But you will write?" she cried, clutching him by his arm.

"No, I *shall not write*," he answered, quietly. "I have too much to do to pay any attention to the vagaries of my patients. You are placed here in my charge, and I have the certificate of two physicians that you are insane. On the strength of that I shall keep you until you are *cured!*" He left the room, and the door clanged to behind him.

Barbara Gower looked around her with a strange and awful feeling of despair at her heart. It was as if she were dead, and yet living. With the walls of the Asylum about her she was really dead to the world outside. "But I will get out!" she cried. "I will have revenge on Mario Almont. I swear I will thwart him yet, if I live."

CHAPTER XIV.

A STRUGGLE FOR FREEDOM.

It was late in the afternoon when a woman came to Barbara's cell,—for it was that, in reality. She brought in a plate of food and some fresh water, and placed them on the stand. She looked at Barbara, indifferently, as she prepared to withdraw.

"Woman," cried Barbara, springing to her side, "is there not any way for me to get out of this place?"

"I guess not," answered the woman, coolly. "They don't often get out of the sylum, I think, unless they're *let* out."

"But I am sane," said Barbara. "I was put here by a villain, who had good cause to fear me. When the doctor finds out this, as he *must*, if he doesn't know it now, won't he let me go?"

"There's lots of 'em tells the same story," answered the woman. "There ain't none of 'em crazy, if you b'lieve what *they* tell you."

"But can't you see for yourself, that I am in my right mind?" asked Barbara, a cold perspiration breaking over her face.

"No more than I can in some of the rest of 'em," answered the woman. "But I mustn't stay here to talk with you."

"Woman, help me to get away from here," cried Barbara, following her to the door. "If you have a heart, you will help me, I know."

"I wouldn't dare to, if I *knew* you wasn't insane," answered the woman. "I couldn't help you if I tried." She thrust Barbara away from her, and went out. The sound of the key grating in the lock gave Barbara much the same sensation she might have experienced if she had been lying alive in her coffin and heard the clods thrown upon its lid. She staggered to the bed, weak, dizzy, despairing. For a long time she lay there in silence. Then she sat up, and tried to think out some plan by which she might gain her freedom.

"I will get away!" she cried. "I *must!* If I don't, Allyn Sherwood will be convicted! They wouldn't believe a word of my story here if I should tell them."

Two days passed. She saw no one in all that time, save the woman who brought her her food. She tried to gain her assistance and sympathy; but by the cold, indifferent way in which she listened to her, Barbara knew that she could expect no help from her.

"I must get out alone, if I get out at all," she said. "I wonder if I couldn't get the key away from her? If I could—"

A plan flashed through Barbara's head. A plan, crude, wild, seemingly impracticable, but there was a hope of success in it. The woman who brought her food came around each night after dark to see that all was right. Barbara waited for her to come that night with feverish anxiety. She was going to make an attempt to gain her freedom. By and by she heard steps approaching. She took the blanket which covered her bed and glided to the side of the cell and stood up close against the wall, a little way from the door.

The key turned, and the woman entered, bearing a light. As usual, she swung the door to behind her. Quick as thought, Barbara flung the blanket over the woman's head, extinguishing the candle which she carried. Taken at such a disadvantage, Barbara succeeded in knotting the corners of the blanket together about the woman's arms before she could recover from her surprise enough to make an attempt to free herself. Snatching a sheet from the bed, Barbara wound it about the woman's head, over the blanket which pinioned her arms, in spite of her struggles. Then with a wild prayer for success, she sprang to the door, dashed it open, and then pushed it to and turned the key in the lock, making a prisoner of the woman. Then she turned and sped away with noiseless steps through the dim corridor. Whither she was going she could not tell. She wanted to get free, but *how?*

She reached the front door. It was locked and bolted. Then she tried the windows, but there was no chance for escape through them.

"I *must* get away now!" she thought. "I don't know but I *should* go crazy if I were to be taken back." She turned, and ran back along the corridor and down a flight of stairs into a sort of basement. There was a door leading from this room, but it was fastened. A small window on a level with the ground outside had no shutters, and was not barred. Perhaps she could get out through that. She dragged a large box to the wall, and from that she could reach the window. She seized the sash. It was loose, and yielded to her grasp, and came out. A sense of success came to her. She lifted another box to a position on the top of the large one, and from that she succeeded in crawling through the window, and in a moment was standing outside the asylum walls. But was she any the less a prisoner? The question came to her with awful force when she saw that a high smooth wall ran entirely around a square on three sides of it, the fourth of which was formed by the building she had just escaped from. As she stood there, asking herself what to do, she heard a low growl, and as she turned to see from whence it came, a great fierce looking dog sprang toward her, and seized her by her arm. His sharp, white teeth penetrated her flesh, and forced a cry of intense pain from her despairing lips. There was a sound of opening doors, of excited voices, and approaching steps. Barbara tried to free herself from the dog, but he held her fast.

"My God! my God! They will take me back," she cried, as a door swung open, and a light flashed out. "I'd rather die."

A man hurried toward her. He ordered the dog to let go his hold, and lifted her up.

"So you were trying to get away," he said, laughing as if he saw something intensely funny in the idea. "Lion knew his business though, didn't he?" He dragged her inside the building, and then touched a wire communicating with a bell in some distant part of the house. Presently steps came hurrying toward them, and the door opened. Dr. Andry entered.

"What is it?" he asked of the assistant.

"One of the women trying to get away," was the reply. "Here she is," he added, pushing Barbara forward.

"*You*, is it?" exclaimed the doctor, peering into her face. "Take her back to her room, Burke. No. 20, I believe. She will have to have a straight-jacket, if she continues to be violent."

The man hurried Barbara away with him. She had left the key in the lock. He opened the door and thrust her in, releasing the woman, who had got free from her bonds by this time. Every atom of hope, of courage, almost of life, oozed away from Barbara as she heard the voices of Burke and the woman die away in the distance. Oh, she had thought freedom *so near*, and now it was so *so far!*

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE OLD HOME.

The roof-tree stands as ever it stood, the jasmine mars the wall,
The great wisteria's purple blooms o'er dark-gray gables fall,
The rosen that our mother loved, blush 'neath her window sill,
And the clematis our father trained, droops, as he taught it, still.

The August sunset lights the panes, where we were wont to watch,
Its rays of crimson and of gold on baby brows to catch,
On the wall where our first nest we found, the grand old ivy waves,
As when we chose a shoot to plant upon our sacred graves.

The throshes that we paused to hear are dead long summers gone,
Yet the sweet rose thicket echoes now to the self-same ringing tone,
The flowers a fuller glory show, and the trees a deeper-toned shade,
Naught else on Nature's face is changed, since here of yore we played.

Naught else on Nature's face. Oh, life, can ever seasons pass
And leave our hearts renewed as fair and bright as meadow grass?
Death's icy shadow rests for us, on the home that once was ours,
We see through tears the haims that sport among our childhood's flowers.

The stranger's shadow flits across our old familiar floors,
The stranger's footstep as of right seeks our old open doors;
With a dim sense of loss and wrong, like one from death returned,
We look on all for which for years our faithful fondness yearned.

Better to keep the fancy sketch of all it used to be,
Better than blurring by the truth the hues of memory!
Oh, earth has no abiding place, but the mighty word is given,
No cloud, or care, or change will vex the countless homes of Heaven!

Helena Macdonald;

OR,

THE BRIDE'S SACRIFICE.

CHAPTER XVII.

All my fond love thus do I blow to Heaven:
'Tis gone.
Arise, black vengeance, from thy hollow cell.
Yield up, O love, thy crown and hearted throne
To tyrannous hate! Swell, bosom, with thy fraught,
For 'tis of aspicks' tongues. *Shakespeare.*

Inwardly congratulating himself on his successful interview with Helena, Herbert Clinton sought his rooms, to lay his plans for the future.

Helena must be his bride, and that soon—love and pride and ambition all demanded it. It would be such a triumph to carry off this beauty and heiress—this brilliant star, who would so proudly and gloriously eclipse the lesser lights of London. And yet, though his darker angel prompted this, he involuntarily shrank from the crime.

What was to be done with Jessie? What would she do when she heard of his marriage? Poor, deceived, little Jessie! his heart smote him to think he had forgotten her already.

He did not fear her much; it was not that which made him hesitate. There was not a particle of revenge in her disposition. Meek, timid, and yielding, he knew, if he commanded her to be silent—saying his honor, his happiness, compelled him to act as he did—she would fold her hands across her lowly bosom, and die, if need be, and "make no sign."

No, he did not fear her, but he feared himself. There was a fierce struggle going on in his breast. Once there had been before—then it was between honor and passion; now, it was between pity and ambition. How could he tell his loving, trusting child-bride that she would never see him more—that he had deceived her, and was to marry another? And, on the other hand, after his interview with Helena on the previous night, it was absolutely impossible to pursue any other course. Jessie might suffer—die, if she would; but Helena Macdonald—this regal, beautiful heiress—must be his wife.

His wife!

Could she be that while Jessie lived? His brain was in a whirl, as he paced up and down, still revolving the question—

"What next?—what next?"

Unable to answer it, he threw himself on his bed, only to live over again the past few weeks in feverish dreams.

It was near noon when he awoke; and, with a head but slightly clearer than it had been the preceding night, he set out for the parsonage.

"There is no other course for it," ran his thoughts on the way, "but to see Jessie, and tell her all. But how to see her! Helena's jealousy is not dead, but sleepeth; and if I visit the isle, it may break out in new fury. I must write a note to Jessie, and send it to the island with some one—Evan or Fritz—and appoint a meeting, after night, unknown to every one. Yes, that is what must be done. Poor Jessie! poor Jessie! Villain that I am to wrong you so; but the hand of destiny is upon me, driving me on. How is all this to end?—in woe for some of us, if the Mahometan's prediction comes true. Well, I am in the hands of Fate, and must accomplish her ends, come what may."

He found Helena alone in the drawing-room when he entered. Mrs. Vaughan and Mrs. M'Calmont were conversing in the sitting-room, while Mr. Vaughan sat silently in the depths of an elbow-chair, and scowled at them over the top of a book.

Helena's welcome was most cordial, and they were soon engaged in animated conversation.

Once, as if by accident, during the conversation, he said—

"I have left some things I need on the island, which I suppose I must soon go after."

"If you mention it to Malcolm, he will send Evan over with them," said Helena, with an involuntary coldness in her tone.

"Jealous still—I knew it," was Clinton's inward comment. "I presume you do not intend visiting the lodge yourself?" he asked, after a pause.

"No; the island has few attractions for me now. I really would not care much if I never saw it again," she answered, briefly.

And there the subject dropped.

That evening, when Herbert returned to his hotel, he sat down and indicted the following note, without date or superscription, to Jessie:

"DEAREST—For reasons which I will explain when we meet, I cannot visit you during the day. Meet me to-night on the beach below the cottage any time before midnight."

Lest it should by any chance fall into other hands than those for whom it was intended, he had omitted his name—knowing, besides, that it was not necessary, since the person to whom he would deliver it would tell Jessie who had sent it.

Folding it up, he put it in his pocket, knowing that either Evan or Fritz would in all probability visit Glenleith during the day, and he could seize the first opportunity of handing it to either unobserved.

And then determined, by his devoted attention, to lull her slightest doubt to rest, he set out early the following morning for the parsonage.

This was Thursday—the day on which Mrs. Vaughan had promised to visit the isle.

The day dawned clear and beautiful, and as the family at the M'Calmont mansion assembled round the breakfast-table, little did they dream of the appalling tragedy with which it was destined to close.

Helena and her lover sat in their favorite seat in the recess, formed by a deep bay window, talking in low, lover-like tones.

Mrs. M'Calmont had encased her large proportions in an easy-chair, plying her knitting-needles, and trying to find some one to talk to—a somewhat difficult task, for Mr. Vaughan, sitting in sullen silence, answered coldly and briefly, while his eyes continually followed his wife, who was fluttering in and out in a restless, breezy sort of way, looking every few moments out of the window, and starting violently whenever the door opened.

Her husband saw it, and said to himself—

"She is looking for her lover, and is watching impatiently for his coming. This is the morning he promised to take her to the isle."

And his eyes assumed such a wild, maniac glare, that Mrs. M'Calmont, looking up suddenly from her work, uttered a stifled scream, as she exclaimed—

"Gracious me! Mr. Vaughan, are you ill? You look like a ghost. Worse than any ghost, I declare. I knew your wound was not perfectly healed. You had better retire and lie down."

"Thank you, madam. I am perfectly well," he answered, in a hollow tone, that belied his words.

Fanny, absorbed by her own thoughts, had not heard this brief conversation. Yes, she was watching for Captain Macdonald, with a nervous restlessness she could not control, but with a far different object to that which her husband supposed. She wanted to see him for a moment before he entered, to tell him she could not go with him to the island, and to beg of him not to allude to the subject, in the presence of others.

If he did, she knew her husband's jealousy would be apparent to all—a humiliation she wished to postpone as long as possible.

Therefore, when at last she espied him coming, she flew down the stairs, and flushed, eager, palpitating, met him in the hall.

"Really, Mrs. Vaughan," he said, smiling at her haste, "I hope I have not kept you waiting."

"No, no," she answered, eagerly; "I wanted to tell you, Captain Macdonald, that I cannot go."

"No?" he said, looking somewhat disappointed. "Then perhaps you would come to-morrow?"

"Neither to-morrow nor ever. I cannot explain now, but I wanted to tell you this before you met the others. Don't say anything about this up-stairs; and if my conduct appears strange, set it down to woman's fickleness, to eccentricity, to anything you like."

She did not venture to look up; but he saw the burning flush that swept over her face, and for the first time guessed the secret of her husband's gloom.

"My dear Mrs. Vaughan," he said, gently, "there is no explanation or apology needed. I intended setting out for Craig's End to-morrow; but now, since you will not go, I will start this afternoon. You will most probably be gone before I return; and so, besides the formal adieu I shall bid you up-stairs, let me say farewell now. Should we never meet again, I hope you will sometimes think of me as a friend."

He pressed her hand and passed up-stairs, while Fanny ran to hide her burning cheeks in the solitude of her own room.

The dark, fierce glare of hatred which Mr. Vaughan bestowed upon the captain as he entered confirmed him in his opinion. Pitying Fanny while he despised her husband, he determined to positively neglect her rather than give him further cause of jealousy.

"You have left Evan waiting on the beach," said Helena, some half-hour after his entrance. "Is he to wait for you there?"

"By Jove, I forgot all about him. I ought to have gone down and told him to return. I must go now," said Captain Macdonald, starting up.

"No; ring the bell, and I will send Jane down to tell him," said Mrs. M'Calmont.

"Never mind, I'll go," said Clinton, rising suddenly, as he thought what an excellent opportunity this would be to deliver his note. "I must be off anyway, and I can just take the beach in my way."

"Very well," said the young captain, resuming his seat. "Tell him I shall not need his services, and he may return home."

Making his adieu, Herbert hastened out and went down to the beach, where Evan sat patiently sunning himself on a log, and waiting for his master's return.

"Evan," said Clinton, as he reached him, "you are to go back to the island without waiting for Captain Macdonald."

"Yes, sir," said the obedient Evan, starting up.

"And Evan, I want you to do me a service."

"Very well—I'm willin'."

"I want you to carry a note from me to Miss Jessie."

"Yes, sir," replied Evan, inwardly wondering what the "old woman" would say to this, if she heard it.

"You are to give it to no one but herself—neither to Mrs. Ben nor Fritz, and you must not let any one see you giving it either. Why, where the dence can it be? I surely have not lost it?"

All this time he had been searching in his pockets, but the note was nowhere to be found. He felt in his vest-pocket, where he had placed it, then in his coat-pocket, then back again to his vest. All in vain. The note was gone.

"I must have dropped it on the way, confound it!" he muttered, angrily. "What if any one should find it? But, luckily, if they do, there is no clue by which they will discover me to be the writer. Well, I must write another, that is all."

He took a pencil from his pocket, tore a leaf out of his tablets, and wrote a few lines. Then he consigned them to Evan, with the caution—

"Be sure you do not lose it, nor let any one see you deliver it. And this is for your trouble—and silence. You understand?"

"Yes, sir," said Evan, looking up with a volume of meaning; and he pocketed with unfeigned delight the silver coin. "I'm dumb, and nobody'll see me givin' Miss Jessie this—catch a weasel asleep."

"All right, then—push off," said Clinton, as with a mind intensely relieved he sprang up the bank, while his messenger set off for the island.

Meantime, we must return to the parsonage.

Scarcely had Clinton gone, when Mrs. Vaughan entered, and took the seat he had just vacated beside Helena. Noticing Captain Macdonald only by a grave bow—for the watchful eyes of her husband were upon her—she entered into a low-toned conversation with Helena.

"Ah! she is growing careful; that is a bad sign. I must watch them more closely, now that they have become guarded," thought Mr. Vaughan, setting his teeth hard.

And while the captain remained, every word, every look, every tone was watched, and perverted by the jealous husband. Captain Macdonald treated him with cool contempt, and scarcely noticed him at all; but Fanny watched him constantly from under her long eyelashes, anxious and alarmed, as she noticed his ghastly face.

"Oh! I wish Captain Macdonald would go—I wish he would go," thought Fanny, looking uneasily out of the window. "Heaven help Charles! the man is mad!"

Did some sweet instinct tell him her wish? He rose that instant to take his leave.

"And—oh, by the way, Helena," he said, suddenly, as he was departing, "I came near forgetting I had an epistle for you. This is it, I believe," he added, drawing a note from his pocket, and going over to where she and Fanny sat.

"For me?" said Helena, opening it. "Who from, I wonder?"

"Little Jessie gave it to me as I was going."

"Jessie?" cried Helena, in a voice that made them start, as her eyes ran eagerly over the lines. They were as follows:

"DEAR MISS HELENA,—I did not tell you all that night. I have thought since I should have done so. When next you visit the island, I shall reveal to you my secret; for I feel you have a right to know. JESSIE."

Pale with many emotions, Helena leaned for a moment against the window without speaking.

"Well, Helena, what awful revelation does that tiny note contain to alarm you so?" he asked, in surprise.

"Malcolm," she said, impetuously starting up, "I must visit the island to-day."

"The island! Nonsense, Helena!" broke in Mrs. M'Calmont.

"I must—I must! My business will not admit of delay. I must go!"

"Why, what's wrong? They seemed all right when I left," said her brother, still more surprised.

Feeling it would not do to excite a curiosity she could not satisfy, Helena controlled her emotions, and said, more calmly—

"They are well enough. It is not that; but circumstances render it necessary I should go there to-day. Who will take me over?"

"If you wait for an hour or two, Fritz Freibourg will be here. I heard Mrs. Ben saying he would visit Glenleith to-night for things she wanted. If you must go, he will take you when he returns."

"Very well; I suppose that must do," said Helena, controlling her burning impatience by a great effort, as she hastily left the room.

And Captain Macdonald, having made his adieux, also departed, followed by Mrs. M'Calmont. Fanny kept her seat by the window, while her husband still scowled gloomily from under his midnight brow.

"Well, this is certainly pleasant," thought Mrs. Vaughan. "What a prize I have drawn in the great matrimonial lottery, to be sure. Ugh! I declare he looks like a ghoul—a death's head—an ogre—a—I don't know what, as he sits there, glaring at me in that hideous way. That man will be the death of me yet, I'm sure. Positively I must have committed some awful crime some time or other to be punished with such a husband. His mouth looks as if it had been shut, and bolted, and locked, and the key forever lost. I wonder if he could open it. I'll see. Mr. Vaughan," she said, facing round.

An inarticulate "Well!" came growling forth from the compressed mouth.

"Look pleasant, can't you? I declare the very sight of you is enough to make one's blood run cold."

"You would rather look at the gallant Captain Macdonald, perhaps," he said, with an evil sneer.

"Yes, I would then—there! You don't see him wearing such a diabolical, savage, cut-throat look as you do. I wish to mercy you'd take him for a model, and not make such a fright of yourself. I'm positively ashamed to present you as my husband of late—you have got to be such a hideous-looking creature."

He glanced at her, without speaking, until a circle of white flamed around his eyes. And now that Fanny's by no means angelic temper was roused, there is no telling what she would not have said, had not Mrs. M'Calmont's voice been heard at that moment at the head of the stairs, calling—

"Mrs. Vaughan—Mrs. Vaughan, I want you a moment."

Mrs. Vaughan hastened from the room, and Mr. Vaughan was left alone with his evil passions.

As she rose from her seat, his eye fell on something like a note under her chair. Like a tiger pouncing on his prey, he sprang upon it, seized it, opened it, read it, and crushed it, convulsively, in his hand.

It was Herbert Clinton's lost note!

"This is hers; she has dropped it. He gave it to her!" said the unhappy man, his face growing absolutely appalling in its ghastly pallor. "Oh, I see it all—I see it all! They dare not meet in day-time, and she will meet him this night, on the isle. Heavens! I shall go mad! Dishonored, disgraced forever! and by the woman I have loved so madly. And she laughed, mocked, and taunted me to my face, with this in her possession!"

He ground his teeth, to keep back the terrific groans that were raising their way up through his tortured heart.

And, as if sent by his evil demon, Fanny entered at that moment, laughing merrily at some jest she had left behind.

He stood with his back to her, as if looking out of the window.

"And is this the woman I have loved—this vilest of her sex, who dare laugh with such a crime on her soul? I know now—oh! I know now why she did not go to the island with him to-day. She thought to blind me, and make me think she was not going at all, that I might be lulled into security. Heaven's curses light on them both!" came through his clenched teeth.

Little dreaming of the thoughts that were passing through his mind, Fanny—ever the creature of impulse—forgetting her momentary anger, went over, and, laying her hand on his arm, said—

"Come, Mr. Vaughan, throw off this gloom, and be a little like you used to be. There is no occasion for all this anger, for I am not going to the island at all. You see I have even given up my own sweet will to please you; so I think I deserve something in return for being so good. Don't I?"

He turned, and she almost shrieked aloud at the awful face she beheld.

"Charles! oh, Charles! Great Heaven! do not look so wild. I never meant to make you so angry. I will not go—indeed, I will not go. Only speak to me, and not wear that dreadful look!"

And pale, trembling, and terrified, she clung to his arm. With an awful malediction, he hurled her from him, and sent her reeling across the room. She struck against the sharp edge of the table, and fell to the ground, her face covered with blood.

But he heeded her not. Seizing his hat and cloak, he rushed from the house, as if driven by ten thousand furies. And his face, upturned to the light, was the face of a demon.

Three hours later, a boat containing two persons put off for Macdonald's Isle. One was a rough fisher boy, half simpleton, half idiot; the other, a tall, dark man, who sat in the stern, his hat drawn far down over his brow, the collar of his cloak turned up, leaving nothing to be seen but a pair of wild, black, maniac eyes, that glared like live coals with the fires of madness.

CHAPTER XVIII.

"The day is low'ring, stilly black,
Sleeps the grim wave."

"Really, Helena, my love, you are getting to be a most singular girl. Two or three days ago you were all in the dismals, then, after the party, you got as amiable and bright as a June morning; and scarcely had you promised to stay with me here for an indefinite length of time, and I was congratulating myself on having secured you here, when Malcolm brings you a tiny note from this little blue-eyed island-girl, Jessie, and lo! you are off on the wing again, and I am left to go moping about like a poor old hen-turkey with the distemper."

"But, my dear Mrs. M'Calmont," said Helena, "you have Mrs. Vaughan, who is twice as agreeable and lively a companion as I am. It's a moral impossibility for you to go moping around, as you say, when she is here."

"Oh, yes," said Mrs. M'Calmont, "that's all very fine, without being in the least consoling. I want you. Mrs. Vaughan's very lively and all that, I know; but I invited her here as much to keep you in spirits as anything else, and now you fly off and leave us for my pains."

"I am very sorry, Mrs. M'Calmont, to disturb your amusements," said Helena, gravely; "but when I tell you that this affair is of the utmost importance to me, and that my happiness, in a measure, depends upon my going, I am sure you will withdraw your objections."

"Your happiness? Now, Helena Macdonald, I should just like to know what this island girl has got to do with your happiness?" said Mrs. M'Almont, folding her fat hands, and looking into Helena's face.

"More than you would ever think, perhaps—more than I once ever dreamed myself she would have," said Helena, while a cloud fell over her brow. "But enough of this. I cannot explain further at present. The amount of it is, I must go to-night!"

And Helena's face assumed that look of steady decision it could sometimes wear.

"Humph! particularly mysterious all this. When do you return?"

"That depends upon circumstances. To-morrow, perhaps."

"Helena, do you know what I think?" said Mrs. M'Calmont, with such abrupt suddenness that the young girl started.

"No, indeed; I do not pretend to divination," she said, with a smile.

"Shall I tell you?"

"If you please. I am all attention."

"And you will not be angry with your old friend, who talks for your good?"

"Of course not. What in the world is all this preface about?"

And Helena's large eyes were fixed surprised and uneasily on the fair, florid face of the matron.

"Well, then, Helena, it's my opinion you're jealous of some one," said the old lady, with the air of one who has made a discovery.

Helena's dark face flushed, and then grew very pale.

"And that's a very miserable feeling, my dear," said Mrs. M'Calmont, composedly, "and also very foolish. No sensible person ever gives way to it, because they only bestow their affections on those in whom they can place implicit trust. Now I hope you have too much good sense to fancy Mr. Clinton can care for any one in this world more than you."

Helena sat with her face averted, and made no reply.

"I had too high an opinion of you, Helena," went on the old lady, very gravely, "to think you could stoop to be jealous of any one, much less an insignificant little girl like this Jessie. Don't be angry, my love—I am talking for your good. And indeed you have not the slightest cause to fear a rival; for, go where you will, you cannot find one more peerlessly beautiful than yourself. I don't say this to make you vain—though I know you, my queenly darling, could never be vain—but it is to be inspire you with confidence. Come, my dear child, shake off this feeling that is unworthy of you. Mr. Clinton, I feel assured, has never wavered in his fidelity to you."

"Who said I was jealous?" said Helena, passionately. "I am not. He dare not be false to me. Let him try it at his peril. He knows I am not one to be trifled with."

"Why, my dear, your very vehemence convinces me of what I only suspected before. I am afraid you will be very unhappy, Helena, if you indulge in such feelings. You ought to try and cultivate a more trusting spirit, my dear; without perfect faith in the person we love, there can be no happiness."

"I do trust! I do trust! I will trust!" said Helena, clenching her small hand as though she would in a like manner shut out all doubt from her heart. "But, oh, where we love, the faintest symptom of distrust is madness."

"Where we love truly we feel no distrust, Helena."

"Oh, you do not know. Do I not love truly? Have I not staked life, and heart, and happiness on him, and yet—"

"You doubt."

"No, no—not now. I did doubt, but that time has gone," said Helena, with a sort of incoherence.

"Then, wherefore this visit to the isle, Helena?" said Mrs. M'Calmont, fixing her eyes searchingly on her face.

Before Helena could reply, a sound as if of a heavy fall below reached their ears.

"What can that be?" said Mrs. M'Calmont, starting up.

"It sounded like some one falling," said Helena, listening breathlessly. "I will go down and see."

She flew down the long staircase, followed by Mrs. M'Calmont. And on entering the room there they found Mrs. Vaughan lying senseless on the floor, her face deluged with blood.

"Great heavens! what has happened?" cried Helena, turning faint and sick at the sight.

"Oh, I know," said Mrs. M'Calmont, wildly, as she hurried forward and raised the slender, prostrate form. "Oh, that demon of jealousy! how many souls is it destined to torture? Helena, please ring the bell."

"But what does this mean? I do not understand," said Helena, as she obeyed.

"Why, this poor child's husband is crazy with jealousy—I have observed it, though she thought I did not."

"Heaven be merciful! he cannot have struck her!" said Helena, white with horror.

"Oh, I do not know; but jealousy will make a man do anything—commit murder; it has done it before now, and will again, Jane," she said, as the servant entered, "tell Sandy to go instantly for the doctor, and then come back and help me to carry this poor lady up-stairs."

The alarmed girl flew to obey; and after despatching the boy for the doctor, hurried back, and aided Mrs. M'Calmont in conveying the slight form of Mrs. Vaughan to her room.

Then, with some tepid water, she washed off the blood, and disclosed a deep gash right above the eye, which continued bleeding so profusely as to awaken fears for her life.

"Oh, I fear she will bleed to death! Would that the doctor were here!" said Mrs. M'Calmont, wringing her hands in deepest distress.

"And here he is," said Helena, as the doctor at that moment hastily entered.

After examining the wound, the doctor pronounced it dangerous, but not fatal, and soon succeeded in stopping the bleeding. And then the dark eyes of Fanny opened wildly, and wandered with a vague, frightened look around.

"My poor child, what has happened?" said Mrs. M'Calmont, bending over her, and parting the bright, disordered hair off her pale brow.

"Where is he?" she said, grasping Mrs. M'Calmont's arm, convulsively.

"Who, love?" said Mrs. M'Calmont, gently.

"Oh, he—Mr. Vaughan?" she said, in the same frightened whisper.

"He is gone, dear. Did he strike you?"

"Oh, no!—no, no!" she cried, wildly. "I fell, and struck against something. Oh, my head! I am going crazy, I think."

"Hush, love; you must not excite yourself. Lie still, and do not talk."

"I have been very wicked—very rash," she said; "but I did not mean it. Oh! I never meant it—I never meant it!" she moaned, pressing her hands over her heart.

"My dearest child, I know it; but it will hurt you to talk so much."

"Yes, yes; I always did talk thoughtlessly, and it has driven him mad. Oh! I loved him once—and I have driven him mad now," she cried, wringing her pale fingers.

Mrs. M'Calmont looked at the puzzled doctor, in deepest distress.

"Give her this; it will compose her," said that gentleman, who could not tell what to make of all this.

"Drink this, love; it will soothe you," said that good lady, raising the poor, wounded head of the young wife, and holding the cup to her lips.

With the passive obedience of a child she complied, and fell back on her pillow. And gradually the wild, frenzied expression left her face, and she fell into a deep slumber.

"And now she must be kept very quiet," said the doctor, as he took his hat and gloves. "There is not the slightest danger if she is not allowed to excite herself, and is carefully nursed, which I know she will be with Mrs. M'Calmont. Repeat the medicine when she wakes, and I will call again to-morrow."

And the doctor bowed himself out, while Mrs. M'Calmont sat down beside the poor, pale sleeper, fanning her gently, and watching while she slept.

Helena, seeing her presence was not necessary, went down to the parlor, where she found Herbert Clinton awaiting her. She started in alarm—for his countenance was grave, and deeply troubled.

"Why, Herbert! what has happened?" she asked, hurriedly, quick to take the alarm where he was concerned.

"Helena," he said, slowly, "I am obliged to leave you."

She turned deadly pale, and her large, dark eyes were fixed on his face in agonized inquiry.

"Scarce an hour ago I received a letter from home," he went on, "saying that my father was at the point of death, and if I ever wished to see him again I must hasten there immediately. I have not a moment to lose, I start instantly; but first I have come to take leave of you."

The news came so suddenly that for a moment she seemed stunned.

"When do you return?" she said, in a voice faint with emotion.

"Soon, I hope; but I cannot as yet tell. Farewell, my own dearest love; believe me, I will return to you as soon as may be."

"And you will write?" she said, burying her face on his shoulder.

"Certainly, Helena, that will be my first care. Remember me to our friends, and explain to them the cause of this abrupt departure. And now once more adieu."

He pressed her to his heart, and then quitted the house, and mounting his horse rode rapidly away.

Once he paused, and looked anxiously in the direction of the isle. He thought of Jessie receiving his note, and waiting for him in vain at their lonely trysting-place.

"What will she think of my absence?" he mused. "For I know, poor, faithful child, she will await my coming there until morning dawns. What cause will she assign for my not keeping my appointment! Well, I cannot help it. I dare not wait until morning—and she will hear to-morrow why I was absent."

And he rode on, never thinking whether Jessie was destined to live to see that eventful morrow dawn.

When he was gone, Helena sat for a few moments with a feeling of utter desolation. She knew he was not to be gone long; but it was their first parting, save the few days she was absent in London, and there was a dreary sense of loneliness, a passionate longing to be with him, to never leave him, filling her heart. With her hands lying upon the table, and her head dropped upon them, she remained wholly unconscious of the flight of time, until the entrance of Mrs. M'Calmont aroused her.

She lifted her head, and tried to listen as the good old lady spoke of Fanny.

"She has had a quiet sleep, and now appears much better. But how pale you are, Helena! Are you going to be ill, too?"

"No, I am quite well; only it gave me a shock—it was so sudden," said Helena, pressing her hands to her throbbing brow.

"Yes, I don't wonder at it," said Mrs. M'Calmont, thinking the shock she alluded to was the sudden sight of Fanny. "I came to look for a sponge, and must go back to Mrs. Vaughan now."

She left the room, and Helena went to the window, and looked out.

The afternoon was waning: the sun was slowly sinking toward the west, and Helena saw, with some concern, that a dark, dense cloud was rising.

"There is a storm coming, and perhaps there may be no boat from the island, after all," she said, anxiously. "How can I wait until to-morrow?"

But even while she spoke, she espied the well-known form of Fritz Freibourg approaching the house.

Helena sprang to the bell, and rang a peal that presently brought Jane.

"Jane run down to the door, and tell the boy you will see passing to come up here immediately," she said, excitedly.

The girl disappeared, and soon returned with Master Fritz, looking considerably amazed, not to say frightened, at this unexpected summons.

"Fritz, what time do you return to the island?" asked Helena.

"As soon as ever I get some tea and sugar, and coffee and starch, and things for Mrs. Ben."

"Will you take me over when you are going, Fritz?"

"Yes'm, if you'll not be long getting ready, 'cause there's a storm a-comin', an' no matter how hard I pull, it'll be dark afore we get there," said Fritz.

"I will be ready in five minutes, and wait for you on the beach. That will do," said Helena, rising, to close the interview.

Fritz hurried out to fulfil his commissions for Mrs. Ben, and Helena went to her room to dress, and take leave of Mrs. M'Calmont.

"Self-willed, self-willed!" said the good old lady, sorrowfully, as she kissed her. "Well, good-bye, my love. Remember, I shall expect you back to-morrow."

"And I shall certainly try not to disappoint you," said Helena, as she quitted the room.

She took her way to the beach, where she was soon joined by Fritz, who, muttering an inarticulate something about having a "stunner of a storm pretty soon," pushed off, and took the oars, and under his practised hands the boat was soon flying like a bird through the sparkling waves.

CHAPTER XIX.

"And on the midnight air arose
That awful dying cry;
That echoed through the lonely house,
Vibrating to the sky."

The sky was rapidly darkening; the wind came wailing with a low, menacing sound over the waters; the sun sank red, fiery and threatening in the far west; and the scared water-fowl went skimming over the troubled face of the bay, sending full, wild shrieks, as if to herald the coming storm. The darkened sea heaved and tossed, as if struggling with an inward foe, and the little boat quivered in every joint as it flew over the glassy waves.

Helena's eyes kindled as they surveyed the grand but terrible beauty of the scene. On the east, as far as the eye could see, spread out the boundless, tempestuous ocean; on the west stretched a long line of coast, forming a sort of semicircle, lost on one side in the dense primeval forest, that as yet the woodman's axe had not desecrated and on the other jutting out in a wild, rocky promonotory; on the south was the island, which they were now approaching, looking a mere dark speck in the vast and mighty deep.

"If we don't have a screamer of a storm to-night, you may say I don't know nothing 'bout the weather," said Fritz, pausing for a moment to wipe the perspiration off his heated brow, and glance at the troubled face of the deep and darkening sky; "such a one as we ain't had since the night me and Mr. Clinton and Evan saved the man and woman what was washed ashore from the wreck."

"That was an awful night," said Helena, still keeping her kindling eyes fixed on the gloomy grandeur of the sea and sky, "but how splendid, how magnificent, how glorious this prospect is! Oh! I love a storm! I love the grand jubilee of the earth, when sea, and wind, and lightning, and storm, all join in the glorious hymn of the tempest."

Her wild eyes shone and flashed like stars, and her cheeks flushed with the impetuosity with which she spoke. She was not addressing Fritz, she was not thinking of him, she did not even see him—her whole soul and heart and mind were filled with the present scene, and the remembrance of those she had seen.

Fritz started for an instant at the wild girl, wondering if she had gone mad; but Helena recovered from her momentary trance, and asked, quietly—

"Do you think we shall reach the island before the storm bursts?"

"Yes, I hope so! We shall be there in about ten minutes now. Oh! by granny, here it comes."

A low, sullen rumbling, the herald of the coming storm, was heard, and two large, heavy drops of rain fell pattering on the thwart.

"Good heavens! if the squall comes now, we'll go to the bottom for sure," said Fritz, pulling with the energy of desperation, until the perspiration stood in great globules on his brow.

But the storm, as if in pity for that frail bark and its inmates, held up a few minutes longer, and Fritz uttered a yell of triumph as he shot into a little natural harbor, sheltered by overhanging rocks, immediately below the lodge.

"Let the storm come," he cried, waving his cap in exultation, "we're all right as a trivet now!"

And as he spoke, his last words were lost in the roar of the wind and the sea.

Safe and sheltered as it was in the little cove, the boat quivered for an instant, like a reed in the blast, before the first furious crash of the storm. Had it burst upon them a few moments sooner they would instantaneously have been swamped. But Fritz, bending before the furious gale, drove his staunch little craft ashore in triumph, and sprang out, followed by Helena.

The rain was falling heavily, and the wind blew so furiously driving it in her face, that for the first moment she shrank back, and was forced to grasp a projecting rock to prevent herself from being blown backward. The next instant her dauntless spirit returned, and raising her head, she shook the rain from her dripping locks, and sprang up the rocks with the fearless agility of a young mountain-kid, until she stood at the door of Macdonald's Lodge, her ancestral home.

All the front of the house was dark and cheerless—for Allie never visited the front chambers when the family were absent. Pushing open the hall-door, which was never locked, Helena, accustomed to the way from earliest childhood, passed through the hall to the door leading to the kitchen, while the old house shook to its centre, and every window rattled in the furious blast of the storm. The very chimneys shook as though they would fall and annihilate them, when Helena opened the door, and wet, dripping like a mermaid rising from the sea-foam, stood before her two astonished servants.

There was a bright fire roaring cheerily up the wide chimney, for summer or winter Allie insisted on having a fire, and over this the affrighted old woman crouched, mumbling strange prayers, and invocations for mercy, and fairly gray with terror. Evan, little less alarmed, sat in a remote corner, keeping his eyes tightly shut to exclude the blinding glare of the vivid flashes of lightning.

At the sudden and startling opening of the door, both looked up, and beheld their young mistress whom they supposed safe at the parsonage, standing before them, her wild, black hair streaming in disorder down her back. Allie uttered a piercing shriek, and springing to her feet, rushed over and threw herself into Evan's arms, with the cry—

"Ah, it's a wraith! it's a wraith! Oh, Evan! save your poor old mother! It's our young missus's wraith."

And, terror-stricken, Allie clung, shrieking to Evan, who stood unable to speak, his teeth chattering with terror.

The scene was so ridiculous—old Allie's terror, and Evan's frightened face and distended eyeballs—that Helena, throwing herself into a seat, could not refrain from laughter.

At this, Allie ceased her shrieks and looked up, and Evan looked at her in utter bewilderment.

"It's our young Miss Helena herself," ventured Evan, at last.

"Why, of course it is," said Helena, as soon as she could speak for laughter. "Come, Allie, I'm no more of a ghost than you are yourself. Don't look so terribly afraid of me."

"Miss Helena, is it you?" said Allie, beginning cautiously to approach, and eyeing her askance. "Well, I declare to gracious if I didn't think 'twas your ghost, Miss Helena," she continued, drawing a deep breath; "what could take you out sich a stormy night?"

"Fritz Freibourg's boat brought me here; I wanted to see you and Evan, Allie. And now, Evan, go and make a fire in my bedroom to air it—I am going to stay here all night."

"Indeed, you will be obliged. Should like to know who could go out again this night. And now, when the fire's made in your room, you must go up and take off your wet clothes, else you'll catch your death o' cold; and I'll get your supper, as you must be hungry," said Mrs. M'Gregor, approaching the fireplace.

But at that instant a vivid flash of lightning blazed down the wide chimney, and Allie sprang back with a yell.

"Heavens, whoever did see the like o' that?" said the old woman, quaking in terror.

"Oh! don't mind, Allie—I do not care for anything," said Helena; "and here comes Evan, so I will go to my room."

"O Miss Helena, may I go too—indeed and indeed I am 'feared to stay here!" said Allie, in trembling tones, as she listened to the roaring, howling, shrieking of the wild storm without.

"Certainly, Allie, if you think you will be any safer with me, you are welcome to come. But your trust should be placed in a higher power. He who rules the storm alone can help you," said Helena, gravely.

"Yes, Miss Helena, I know all that, and I does trust in Providence; but I think I should feel safer with you. The danger wouldn't be so near, nor so dreadful," said Allie; "and I am awfully afraid o' lightnin'."

"Very well; come then," said Helena.

And Allie, glad of the permission, lit a candle, and preceded Helena through the hall, and up the polished oaken stairs, at a shuffling trot, leaving Evan, much against his will, sole possessor of the kitchen.

There was a bright fire burning on the hearth, which the damp, unused room required, rendering the flickering tallow candle superfluous.

"Now, where are you going to sleep, Allie?" said Helena.

"Here on the floor, my leddy. I'll bring in the mattress and spread it here before the fire."

Helena assented to this arrangement; and lifting the blind, seated herself by the window to watch the storm. But Allie coming in, held up her hands in speechless terror at her hardihood.

"Settin' at the winder, and it a lightnin'!" she exclaimed. "Miss Helena, that's the most reckless thing to do as ever was. Pat down the curtain, child, and go to bed—it's a temptin' o' the Lord."

"There's no danger, Allie," said Helena. "It is just as safe here as in bed."

And Helena, without paying the slightest attention, still sat gazing out, while Allie from entreating took to scolding, which was likewise unheeded.

"Hold your tongue, Allie!" said her young mistress, impatiently facing round, tired of hearing the garrulous old woman.

And at this unprecedented rebuke, Allie lay down before the fire in mortified silence.

Though burning with feverish impatience to meet Jessie, and learn what meaning lay couched in her mysterious note, Helena found herself forced to wait until morning. The storm seemed steadily increasing, the wind raved wildly, shaking every beam in the old house, and the booming of the sea on the rocks was deafening.

Perhaps it was the wildly-shrieking tempest, the appalling crash of the angry elements, but an unaccountable depression weighed on Helena's spirits—a creeping felling of horror, that no effect could shake off. She strove to rouse herself—to reason herself out of the superstitious dread that was overwhelming her, but in vain. A nameless terror had clutched her heart, and would not relax its hold.

And so the hours wore on, and midnight approached. And the storm without seemed to have shrieked and roared, and worn itself hoarse, and was at last relapsing into sullen silence.

The fire on the hearth was burning low, and casting wild and fantastic shadows through the gloomy room. Allie lay in that deep, deathlike sleep which only those of her kind enjoy, and her deep breathing sounded audibly through the room. Exhausted with the excitement of the storm and her own thoughts, Helena rose, and prepared herself for bed—hoping in sleep to lose the strange feeling that was overpowering her.

She lay down, but she wooed the drowsy god in vain. Sleep would not come at her call. So she tossed from side to side, wishing vaguely, wildly, morning would come, and listening to the dreary beat of the waves on the shore.

A death-like silence reigned within the old house, while the storm without was still sullenly grumbling. It was near midnight, and Helena lay with her hands clasped over her forehead, when suddenly she heard the front door burst violently open, and through the silent house arose the wild, appalling shriek of "Murder!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY, for October. Published by James R. Osgood & Co., Boston.

THE GALAXY, for October. Published by Sheldon & Co., New York.

THE JOURNAL OF THE FRANKLIN INSTITUTE, for September. Published by the Franklin Institute, at their Hall, Philadelphia.

The Philadelphia Dog Shelter.

The New York Evening Post has an article commending the Home for lost dogs in London, and urging that something of the kind be established in New York. If the writer wants to see the practical operation of such a concern, let him come to Philadelphia. The "Dog Shelter," which was made to supersede the Pound, was opened about two years ago by the Women's Branch of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. All dogs taken up in the street are conveyed thither and cared for during a certain period. Then, if the owners do not claim them, or if they are not bought, as the good ones often are, they are put into an air-tight room into which a gas is forced that almost instantly produces a painless death. The Dog Shelter of Philadelphia is a most excellent and humane establishment, and the mode adopted of killing the unclaimed dogs is in most favorable contrast to the vile and cruel methods adopted in New York and other cities. We doubt whether the London establishment is as well-conducted.

☞ A centenarian cannibal named Tarain, who distinctly remembered how some of Captain Cook's crew tasted uncooked, died recently in New Zealand.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

☞ An American circus is knocking the sentiment entirely out of the Rhine Valley.

☞ A Western gymnast is about to marry a dumb belle.

☞ The New York Sun tells of an Ogdensburg man who ate so much fish that he had to wear a tin shirt to keep the bones from tearing his clothes.

☞ Musquitoes are reported so thick at Key West that it is sometimes impossible to see a person across the street. That's probably when there is no person across the road to see.

☞ Some of the fashionable women of Philadelphia and New York wear stockings that cost ten dollars a pair.

☞ A Western editor recently married a girl named Church, and he says he has felt happier since he joined the Church than ever he did before.

☞ A few bridal parties linger at Niagara, and their billing and cooing, says a bachelor, who has just returned, can be heard above the roar of the falls.

☞ A French Crispin, who has been out of sight for fifty-one years, now writes to President Thiers:—"In 1821 I made you a pair of boots; you expressed yourself pleased with them. May I ask of you, therefore, the privilege of furnishing the army with boots? Your devoted subject—D."

☞ The up-town gentleman, with the noticable proboscis, has to wear shot in his coat tail pockets to preserve his equilibrium.

☞ That was a very tender-hearted man near Pittsburg who, on being told of his wife, who had left the house only an hour before, that her body was found a mile or so below, said, "She must have floated down quite lively!"

☞ Light coats and dark trowsers are coming into fashion in England.

☞ An auctioneer, writing a letter of advice to a young friend, closed up with the following astonishing information: "The evil that you do through life will come back to plague you on the day of your death, or if stormy, on the first fair day thereafter."

☞ This odd advertisement is from an English paper: "My husband is out on a strike. He prefers that to work. He ain't any use to me. I must work to keep the the children and self. His ten shillings goes in beer. I'll swap my husband while he's on a strike for a sewing-machine."

☞ A Council Bluffs paper has the following puff: "Since we have to use coffins, we prefer to use those which Riley furnishes. We took a view of his supply of the commodity yesterday afternoon. His stock would even carry the city pretty well through an average siege of cholera."

☞ Almost every year fashion adds another button to ladies' kid gloves. They will reach to the elbow shortly, as in the days of our grandmothers.

☞ Two giraffes with their heads above the storms are on the high seas, looking out for this country, and marked P. T. B.

☞ The Jewish Messenger suggests a new field for Stanley, in the discovery of the ten lost tribes of Israel.

☞ Four hundred eyes, intended for the human head, are sold every week in Paris. "How is that for 'eye?"

☞ A Canadian matron, one hundred and eight years old, is still able to devote much energy in bringing up her little boy, aged ninety-three.

☞ A young man named Alfred Young, who made an unsuccessful attempt to commit suicide at Virginia City, on Sunday week, left on his table a note to a friend, as follows: "Jim, if I die, lay me away quietly and say nothing about it. I have killed five men."

☞ The St. Louis Times is gratified to learn that inexhaustible coal fields have been developed to keep the Chili people warm.

☞ The editor of the St. Joe Gazette has at last reached the height of human happiness. He has a shirt that opens at the back, and feels so good that he wants some one to kick him.—*St. Louis Globe.*

☞ A vote taken on board the train from Binghamton to Syracuse one week ago, resulted as follows:—For Grant, 26; for Greeley, 26 Hurrah for Gr——!

☞ An Ohio girl escaped calcination from death-dealing kerosene lately by prompt immersion in a barrel of swill.

☞ After a great orthographical discussion in England, it has been decided that "Shakespeare" is the proper way to spell it.

☞ "You talk of your troubles," said the oyster to the fisherman, "but your case does not begin to be as hard as mine."

☞ It is proposed, in Paris, to designate the different business houses and offices by means of colored lamps. Thus, doctors would have green lamps, telegraph stations and post-offices blue, hotels and boarding houses yellow, &c.

☞ A gentleman afflicted with remarkably long ears was seated at the opera, and overheard the jocular remark of a neighboring young man to another, which was by far too loudly expressed. The proprietor of the ears turned round thereat, and sharply said: "Sir, it is true my ears are very large for a man, but yours are very small for an ass."

☞ Sapphire is the stone most used for betrothal rings in Eastern countries, its color being emblematic of faithfulness.

☞ A far Western lady, who was not posted in history, and who had forgotten her geography, asked a friend who was going to Utah to bring her a couple of Mormons for her aquarium.

☞ In New York neck-ties made of leather with gilt buckles are said to have been proposed as the fashionable novelty for gentlemen's wear the coming winter. A celebrated wit of the clubs, on being offered one of these, exclaimed, "Is thy servant a dog?"

☞ At Paterson, N. J., the mosquitoes are so large that the dwellers in houses just put in the window sash without the glass, thus securing plenty of fresh air, and obviating the expense of mosquito nets. Some of the mosquitoes are small enough to get their heads through the sash, but they stick at the shoulders.

☞ The "Patrons of Husbandry" in Iowa recently made a procession nine miles long. It mustn't be inferred that they were all women.

☞ A late Lieutenant of the Prussian army has come to Utah with two daughters of a German banker.

☞ The best night-cap of all is a fresh walk, of a mile or two, with a lively companion, in the open air. Come home from it in a glow, with the feet and legs warm with exercise, take your candle, bid the rest good-night, and your chances are good, if you have not worked the brain since five o'clock, of knowing nothing and regretting nothing till morning. This is on the supposition that you have a window open in your bed-room, or some equally efficient ventilation.

PEACHES AND TEMPERANCE.—An abundant fruit season is one of nature's best temperance agents. It was demonstrated a year ago in Philadelphia that when peaches were plenty the sale of malt and spirituous liquors fell off a third, and that the cheaper the fruit was the less was the demand for intoxicating drinks. This goes to support what several thoughtful persons have contended that the demand for spirituous liquors is, to a great degree, the result of a bad diet. Either the food is improperly prepared, or it is not sufficiently varied, or it does not consist enough of fruits and vegetables, but too much of fatty, greasy and sugary substances, such as meats, pies and sweet cakes. The writer of this can bring on a craving for spirituous liquors in three days, by simply going to an eating-house for dinner instead of dining at home.

Have You Seen Her?

A lady who for the last five years has been a leader of fashion in New York, and who may be seen twice a week in her elegant caleche driving a pair of superb ponies in Central Park, has recently stated, in the select circle to which she belongs, that the only article in existence which imparts beauty and lustre to the complexion without ultimately impairing the texture of the skin and causing it to collapse and wrinkle, is HAGAN'S MAGNOLIA BALM. The name of the distinguished member of the beau monde who made this declaration cannot with propriety be given, but it may be mentioned *en passant* that she has spent several years of her life in Europe, and is familiar with all the arts and preparations employed by the court beauties of the old world to enhance their charms.

☞ A Boston grocer was lately remonstrated with by the S. P. C. A. for keeping his cheese under a close cover.

Pints and quarts of filthy Catarrhal discharges. Where does it all come from? The mucous membrane lining the chambers of the nose, and its little glands, are diseased so that they draw from the blood its liquid, and exposure to the air changes it into corruption. This life liquid was to build up the system, but it is extracted and the system is weakened by the loss. To cure, gain flesh and strength by using Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, which also acts directly upon these glands, correcting them, and apply Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy with Dr. Pierce's Nasal Douche, the only method of reaching the upper cavities where the discharge accumulates and comes from. The instrument and two medicines sold for $2, by all druggists. 589.

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To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, &c., I will send a recipe that will cure you, *free of charge*. This noble remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to the Rev. JOSEPH T. INMAN, Station D., New York City.

PROSPECTUS FOR 1872.

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They shall continue to obtain for their readers the very best novelets, stories, poetry, etc., that can be procured, including articles from the gifted pens of Miss Amanda M. Douglas, Miss A. L. Muzzey, Daisy Ventnor, August Bell, Mrs. Margaret Hosmer, A. M. Dana, Madge Carroll, Emma B. Ripley, Nora Perry, M. C. Pyle, Ida Rowland, etc., etc., etc.

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ONLY A WISH.
By A. M. DANA, author of "Jarring Chords, etc., etc.

MISSION WORK.
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THE

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, SEPT. 28, 1872.

TERMS---Always in Advance.

Single copy, $2.00 a year, payable in advance, not including postage, which is twenty cents a year, and payable at the office where the paper is received. Every single ($3.00) subscriber will be entitled to a copy of either of our large and beautiful Premium Steel Engravings—"The Sisters," "The Song of Home at Sea," "One of Life's Happy Hours," or "Washington at Mount Vernon."

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If you wish to get up a club for THE POST, send us your name, and we will forward you, *free of charge*, a number of specimen copies of the paper, so that, with them, you can give your neighborhood a good canvassing.

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For $10 we will send eight copies to one address, or each copy to a separate address. The person sending this Club shall be entitled to a copy *free*, and to a copy also of either of our Premium engravings.

The senders of Clubs can afterwards add single copies at $2.00 each.

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☞ No deviation allowed from our regular terms. If less money is sent, the paper will be sent for a proportionate period.

☞ Subscribers to British North America must remit *twenty cents extra*, as we have to prepay the U. S. postage.

☞ When additions are made to clubs, the new subscriptions must begin and end at the same time as the original club.

☞ The contents of THE POST and of THE LADY'S FRIEND will always be entirely different.

☞ Remittances should be made, if possible, in Post-office Orders, or in Drafts or Checks *payable to our order*.

☞ Ten cents should be forwarded, *in all cases*, where subscribers are entitled to and wish an engraving, to pay the expense of mailing.

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LETTERS FROM ZIG.

OLD HIGH JINKS:

THE HEAD OF THE FAMILY.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Some folks have a queer notion that a man should be master of his house. That is to say, master outside of the house and inside too. Every house must have one head, these wise folks say; one head, to prevent matters from falling into anarchy, to preserve the holy relation of the family; one head, to keep all the other heads level. That head must be the head of the high and mighty male of the human race. I can't remember half the bosh and gammon these folks talk, only I know that nothing anybody can say to me makes me feel so wicked all over as the particular sort of bosh and gammon about a man's being master of his own house. I've seen so much, in my time, of this confounded head-of-the-family business. In every place in which I ever lived, when I was a schoolmistress, it was my unhappy fate to dwell either in the same house with, or next door to folks who spent their days and nights in a condition of everlasting hot water, simply because the father of the family was a disgusting, roaring old tyrant, who insisted upon being "the head of the family." I've wished forty times that these heads of families had had their heads broken. Then there would have been a little peace. I've been sorely tempted, in my weak moments, both when I was a schoolmistress and since, to let a little daylight into the head of the family. And now I've been just so worried out and be plagued that I can't resist the temptation any longer. I vow I'm going to do it.

I always said that if ever I had a house, and anybody in it quarrelled, I'd set him out in the street, boot-jack and band-box. Pardon me for talking about myself, but I do detest, abominate, and execrate family jars. It has always been my theory that they could be wholly avoided, that if each member of the family resolved to keep his temper, grant to others their rights, mind his business and his manners, there wouldn't be any despicable family squabbles. Certain of us, no matter who, but three or four of us, thought we could build a household on that plan. It gives me pleasure to tell you that our plan was successful in an unhoped-for degree. Our home is a very happy one. To the best of my knowledge, we have not a head of the family in the house. We wouldn't have one. That demented individual who should attempt being such a thing, would have his head taken off, in the twinkling of an eye. We are all heads in our proper places. Our family is not organized upon the despotic-monarchy principle, please Heaven!

But the family of old High Jinks is. Old High Jinks is the head of his family. He is as ugly, scrawny, vicious, waspish an old tyrant as you'd meet in a journey from here to Jericho. His name is not High Jinks. It's something else. But I called him that because he raises high jinks, and outs up high jinks, and keeps high jinks running on all the time and to be continued weekly, like a serial in THE POST.

Old High Jinks is a pious soul.

And he's the blessedest hypocrite I ever laid my two eyes on. He is an elder in the church. He goes to meeting two or three times of a Sunday, leads prayer-meeting through the week, and goes to elders' meeting Saturday night. Besides that he gets down upon his ugly old knees and holds "family worship" every morning. He thinks that's being a Christian. I don't. He thinks he'll go to Heaven. I don't. He thinks every man ought to be master and tyrant in his own house. I don't; no, not by a long ways! Old High Jinks won't, for the price of the world he wouldn't, split a scrap of kindling on Sunday, or cut a bit of grass for his pigs. Poor piggies must e'en go without their fresh fodder, on that day. I suppose they chew the end of bitter fancies, instead of it. Old High Jinks would make the grass stop growing on Sunday, if he could. He won't do anything on Sunday but go to church, and eat. He always does his share of that last. He has a nice, long, Sunday face, and "a wonderful innocent smile," as Bunyan says. When he goes to meeting he sits among the elders of the land. He passes for a quiet, respectable, eminently religious man. But there is a frightful skeleton at home in the cupboard. I take my pen and open that grewsome cupboard.

Old High Jinks has some delicate, gentle young-lady daughters. He comes downstairs in the morning, out of sorts from having been up late at church praising God, the evening before. The old snap dragon begins by cursing his young lady daughters black and blue. I tell you I've heard him do it, and it's just awful. Think of an elder in the church asking God to d—n his own daughter! Nice man that! If he feels more cross grained than usual, he not only curses his daughters black and blue, but beats them black and blue. I've seen him do it, and I say in my sick, sad heart: God have mercy upon such Christians as that? I think they will need it.

Old High Jinks does all this because he is the head of the family. He wishes to show that he is master of his house. And I heard one of the poor girls say once, between the angry, passionate sobs:

"I'd knock him down if I could! Go to church and pray and sing, and come home and beat the breath out of us! There's religion for you!"

That is what I think: There's religion for you! And there's a head of a family for you. This sort of thing is all kept very sly and quiet. Scarcely a soul is aware of it. I wonder what the good ministers and honest people who kneel down and partake of the holy Sacrament with old High Jinks would think, if they knew it? I wonder, too, if they knew of these goings on at home, and of the sufferings of the house full of helpless victims to his brutal, crazy temper, whether they would expel him from the church? He pays the minister largely. Do you think they would?

And now you know why I don't believe in the head-of-the-family business. I've seen so very many of the High Jinks antics in my time, that I'm heart-sick of 'em. And here is an epitaph to the many virtues of old High Jinks, when he dies, which he ought to have done before he was born:

Here lies the body of Old High Jinks.
He was the Head of his Family, and an ugly, scrawny, vicious, waspish Old Tyrant.
His disposition was a cross between the Pig, the Crocodile, and the Tiger.
His children feared him when they were little, and hated him when they were grown.
He never did anybody upon earth any good, and nobody upon earth ever liked him.
It's a good thing he is dead.

ZIG.

Things that People Can Do, and Things they Can Not.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATUDAY EVENING POST,

BY ELLA WHEELER.

Why is it that people are not content to do what they know how to do, and let what they *can't* do well, alone?

I once knew an artist—a genius, in his profession—who could transfer the human face and form to canvas so perfectly that one would almost listen for speech and for motion when viewing his work.

He could paint the sunrise and sunset, in the most glowing and glorious colors; he could picture the most beautiful scenes from Nature; and the creations of his own brain were as marvellous as his copyings from Nature were exact.

This was his *forte!* this was the one great gift that a generous Creator had bestowed upon him. Why, then, could he not be satisfied to cultivate that gift, and perfect it; to devote time, thought, and study, to that which would give him distinction in the world of art, and enroll his name among those that "are not born to die."

But no! he had a friend who was an *author*, and a successful author. He looked at that friend, and saw his prosperity in the world of letters. Saw that he was rapidly winning a name and a fortune in his chosen field, and he felt that he, too, could be an author. So he neglected the pallet and brush, and took up the pen. He spent weary hours in vain attempts to compose salable articles. He struggled over weak essays, and limping rhymes, but accomplished nothing. He was surprised and pained that the world did not appreciate him, and give him praise. He could not understand that he had no talent, no genius, as an author; but that he possessed as great, if not a greater talent, in another direction, which with the time and labor that he had given in useless attempts at literature, would have won him an imperishable name.

I knew a young lady who had a remarkable talent for music. She possessed a voice of great promise, and with proper culture and training she might have become a prima donna. But her parents were anxious that she should become a finished scholar. The sent her to school, year after year, and restricted her in her music, because it interfered with her studies. She was dull at learning anything but music. She had no love for school-books, and was always a laggard in her classes. She never amounted to anything. The best years of her life were wasted in attempts to acquire an education in branches she had no taste nor love for, while the talent that was given her, was allowed to go to waste.

I know several literary people who excel in *prose* composition. They find a ready sale for any sketch or essay which their gifted pens may produce, and a public ever ready to commend and appreciate. But because among their acquaintances, perhaps, is a *poet* whose verses are winning him fame, they neglect the work they know how to do, and determine to become poets too.

They buy rhyming dictionaries, and study all the rules for versification, yet they only succeed in producing doggerel rhymes at best. They send their verses to the successful poet for criticism, and ask him to give his candid opinion of them, both as a *literary* production and in a *financial point of view*. And if the poet gives his candid opinion, as asked, and tell the aspirants for new honors that their verses have *no* merit as literary productions, and are worth *nothing* financially, they will set him down as spiteful and selfish, and unwilling that any one should write poetry but himself. And this will make them more determined than ever to "show him what they can do;" and so, neglecting the work they can do well, they flood the newspapers with very bad rhymes and limping measures, and are astonished that they do not win fame as rapidly as "that other poet," and conclude that it is just because he happened to "get a good start."

They do not realize that all literary people are not poets, and that all poets are not literary people, strictly speaking; but that poetry is a gift in itself, and when any one person is both an author and a poet, he possesses two distinct talents, just as does he who is a painter and a musician.

The true poet, he who overcomes all obstacles, and wins name and fame in his chosen field, writes first because *he cannot help it*—writes because his heart and brain and soul *ache* with their burdens of rhyming thought, and *not* because he knows somebody else who writes poetry, and thinks he can too. He writes first to relieve his brain, and solely for his own gratification. As years go by, and he follows literature as a profession, he writes for fame and for money. But I contend that no true poet ever thought of these things when composing his first poem.

The true poet does not *ask* some critic to show him the faults and merits in his production; and he does not need a "rhyming dictionary," nor a book of "rules for versification" to help him compose.

His own *ear* tells him when a line *limps*, and when a word *jars*. He knows it, and feels it, just as quickly and instinctively as does the musician when he strikes a false chord upon the instrument. We should not give a person credit for much musical talent, if when playing he should turn to some friend and ask, "Did I make a discord then?" "Is this chord harmonious?" And it is just so with the poet. Though his first attempts may be feeble and faulty, like the musician's first attempts, yet he *knows* and *feels* all those faults, without asking any critic to point them out.

Oh, ye who aspire to wear the laurel! if when you sit down to compose a poem you are obliged to count every line upon your fingers to see that the syllables are even, rest assured that *you are not a born poet*. The matter isn't in you to make one; and though you do strain out some verses that are correct in the number of feet to the measure and in rhyme, they will lack the true ring of *poetry*; they will go out of your hands *verses*, and remain verses forever. And for your own sake and the sake of the editorial fraternity and the reading public, *don't* add yourself to the great host of rhymers who flood the newspapers with crippled verses, which contain a great many words, but only a half or a quarter of an idea, and that borrowed from some other author. *Don't* do this, I say, but turn to something you *can* do, and be useful.

THE FIRST SUIT.

Put away the little dresses;
Mamma's boy is four years old;
Spare awhile the silken trousers,
Shining in the sun like gold;
For, though papa seems to fear it,
None a little girl will see
In the sturdy form with trousers
Ending at the dimpled knee.

From the cap with waving feather
To the snug and shapely boot,
Copper-toed for stormy weather,
Perfect is the boyish suit.
Belt and buttons, cuffs and collar,
All as neat as neat can be;
And the crowning pride, the trousers,
Coming to the dimpled knee.

Ah! my boy, the house is ringing
With your shouts of glad surprise;
And, myself, I feel like singing,
For the beaming of your eyes.
Would that mother love could follow,
And her darling always see
Just as happy as this birthday,
With the trousers at the knee.

Off to play, so quick, so eager,
How he feels the thrill within
Of the restless, boyish nature,
He to all mankind akin!
Mark with what contempt he gazes
On the girlish robes of three,
One would think he'd long been wearing
Little trousers to the knee.

Go, my boy, all angels watch you!
In the gladness of your days
Clouds will come, and rain and sorrow,
But they still are far away.
We will chill with no forebodings,
Yet I'll pray on bended knee,
Wheresoe'er he drifts, my Father,
Let him go not far *from* Thee!

FACES.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY GLEN CAROL.

A theme for a poet or a painter are the faces that pass and repass beneath our window, forming a part of the drifting crowd—of the great, ceaseless stream of Life that ebbs and flows throughout the busy thoroughfares of a large city. Mark the expression of this face as it comes by—this boy's face, with Pride and Honor stamped so plainly upon the high, broad forehead, that all who look may read; the full, dark, confident eye, and pleasant smile. This is a mother's pet and pride, I must believe. A motherless boy, I think, could scarcely wear so bright a smile as that which lingers around those full, firm lips. But the eyes and smile have vanished, and what is this? Cold, pale, and schooled so well that not e'en a ripple of any emotion is visible upon the face so like marble in its whiteness. You have learned your lesson well, my girl, and this is the calmness of despair. You have been one of the foremost pupils in Sorrow's school. Look not at me with those haunting eyes, for they whisper of a secret that you have taught your face never to betray. Drift by, oh, hopeless soul! Seek aid from Heaven, for there is none in man!

Rosy, dimpled, all aglow with life and love, you little darling! I could snatch you to my heart! This face is all innocence and sweetness—I will not believe that it is ever disfigured by a frown, or that the red lips ever part but to utter words of tenderness. Ah! is this a *man's* face? vacant, bloodshot eyes, glaring wildly around—retreating chin and weak, irresolute mouth, that has murmured "Yes" a thousand times when it should have said "*No!*" Tossed first to one side, then to the other, this face goes on. On, on to perdition, with its weak lips ever muttering "too late!" Hell swarms with faces such as this!

"Gold, gold, gold," is written all over this yellow-skinned mask that creeps slowly up and down the street, supported by a weak body and a pair of weaker legs. Mark the greed, the wretched avarice lurking in every wrinkle of the face, so symbolical of his constant thought and life. Yes, he is a millionaire and a miser. Much good may his gold do him! Pass on. Here are a group of faces, with some little variations of feature, as nearly as you can tell through the layers of pearl-powder and rouge-de-theatre—but the same strained smile has frozen upon every lip, and the eyelids have been so well-trained that they rise and droop above their respective eyes almost mechanically. We know who these faces belong to. We know, too, that "it takes all kinds of people to make a world." But here comes a face not a stranger, and one we love to look upon. The seal of intellect is set upon that brow—kindness, goodness, gentleness dwell here. A child would look up into this face with trust and reverence. It is the type of many in the world. So they drift by. An eager, restless, ever-shifting sea of human life, whose billows chronicle every instinct, power, and passion under the sun!

SUCCESSFUL ADVERTISING.

We have often wondered why so many advertisers seemed to prefer newspapers that were full of advertisements, to those that only gave a limited number. It is evident at once to every sensible man, who does not, like a silly sheep, merely follow the herd, that everything else being equal, an advertisement will attract more attention when there are comparatively few others in the paper. And this is the reason why the weekly literary papers which have a good class of readers, like the Philadelphia SATURDAY EVENING POST, are such excellent mediums.

Those experienced advertising agents, the Messrs. Bowell, in a late issue of their "Advertiser's Gazette," containing advice to advertisers, call attention to this fact. They say:—

"Another point of great consequence is the *amount of advertising* in a journal. Where a paper has but one column or less of advertisements, it is worth an extra price, because it makes those few *more conspicuous than they could be among ten times as many*. A daily paper is not kept so long as a weekly. It is not so thoroughly examined by the family, and, furthermore, a successful daily paper usually devotes two-thirds of its space to advertising, while no well-managed weekly will admit more advertising than can be accommodated in one-third of its columns."

In a weekly paper like THE POST, where the advertisements are comparatively few, and scattered on different pages, the chances of their being read are probably ten to one as compared with a great daily. In fact where pages are made up entirely of advertising matter, a large number of readers never turn to those pages at all.

☞ An Illinois boy has been bitten six times by rattlesnakes, with no resultant injuries, and now defies the Fates, unless they can puncture him with something "sharper than a serpent's tooth."

TOO THIN.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

DEAR POST:—We have heard the grievances of "Little Women," "Big Women," &c., and I suppose every other style has its own secret trouble. "Oh! if they were only a little more plump! If they were only as tall as Mrs. Stackpole, or as short as Mrs. Waddle!"

Now as a consolation to little women, they always have and always will have admirers. One person will say, "What a dear little thing Mrs. Totty is;" another, "What a charming, ladylike morsel of perfection Mrs. T. is." "My dear, you know that little women are always so sweet!" And we all know that little women can do and say what would not be *au fait* in their taller sisters.

Now for large women: "They are so commanding, so dignified, 'show off' so well, also show dress to so much advantage;" and who ever knew a little man who did not admire a large lady?

But of all the women whom I know, those only who seem to be perfectly satisfied with Nature's doings are the fat women, and this is what mystifies me in regard to our friend Lotte's modesty, as she says she is large in diameter as well as in height; I can account for the lady's humble opinion of herself on no other ground than the *height*, as I have never yet known a *short, fat* woman who did not think herself perfection. Here is where the trouble lies. In being too fat? Oh, no! but in having a number of fat friends who always exclaim in a commiserating tone, "how very thin you are."

Going out the other day, two of those said friends came along, with glowing faces, gorgeous colors, and expansive overskirts; of course they are delighted to see me. "But what is the matter, you are so thin?" "I really should think I was going to die, did I look so," chimes in another, who looks down on her own bountiful proportions with great complacency. Gorgeous colors, huge overskirts, and all pass on. I do not go ten yards until I see coming toward me a whole bevy of fat women. Viewing their rainbow colors—I exclaim, "Solomon in all his glory, was not arrayed like one of them." They sail onward like a full-rigged steamer with the flag of every nation unfurled to the breeze. They stop, they fan, they gasp, they wheeze. At last, between intervals of gasping, fanning, and wheezing, they exclaim, "Oh! I should not have known you, you are so thin—even thinner than Miss Slimkins," mentioning a perfect fright; "and besides, you are so pale." Here I smiled blandly. What a satisfaction! I feared my face was glowing like a peony, a red face is so exceedingly vulgar. We smile, we bow, we part—my friends hoping I may in time, become as fat as they; from which I say "Good lord deliver us."

But neither tongue nor pen can do justice to the subject! These fat women are everywhere. In the street cars they come crushing down upon our flounces and laces, making destruction generally among the nicely got up dresses—and woe to the corns that come in the way.

Take the cars for sea-side or mountain, and there she is again; squeezing herself into the seat beside you with as much complacency as though she did not know she was occuping more room than she had paid for. You try to endure the squeezing; which after all is not so bad as the heat from this furnace at your side. At last nature gives way. You rise to get water for your burning head and to keep you from fainting. The fat lady remarks she "Thought you were not healthy, you are so thin."

Go to a watering-place, what do you see, but the fattest of fat women? Neither do these fair dames all belong to the family of "Zwanzigguldenfus." No, they are wives of our "merchant princes," that high and intellectual type of women, whose highest aim is to dress better than some other princes, and to live well.

KATY DID.

Too Much for the Colonel.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

DEAR POST:—Below you will find an anecdote originating in the city of —, N. C., about the close of the "little unpleasantness," which will doubtless contribute its modicum to the interesting matter generally looked for in your columns:—Immediately after Lee's surrender, when everything was in perfect confusion and disorder, prior to that state of quiet to which all the good citizens of —— looked forward so anxiously, there was stationed in the city the usual handful of soldiery to keep an "Argus" eye on the interests of the "nation's wards," and to insure all the "truly loyal" against the animosities of "unreconstructed rebs," &c. As one of the preliminary steps toward the preservation of order and quiet, a proclamation was issued by the commandant of the garrison, ordering, under the heaviest penalties, that no one should retail liquor to the "boys in blue." Now, Jim Kritzer, an odd specimen of humanity, and noted all over the city for his partiality to *jokes, sells*, and other specimens of waggery, having neither the fear of God nor of the commandant before his eyes, and moreover being extremely desirous of accumulating a few of the greenbacks which at that time were circulated to a limited extent in the community, resolved to defy the proclamation and open a small bar on Gillespie street, near the *Hog Pound*. For a considerable time things went merry as a "marriage bell," and Jim drove quite a prosperous trade with the thirsty soldiers; but the "best laid schemes of mice and men gang aft agley," and to his sorrow Jim found a striking confirmation of this in his case, for soon he and his bar came to untimely grief, and "a blight, a withering blight," fell on his golden anticipations. The suspicions of the commandant were aroused, his "subs" put on the alert, and soon evidence enough was collected to justify Jim's arrest and arraignment before a military tribunal. The trial came off in the rear of a grocery on Gillespie street, and the Colonel of the Regiment, sitting in state on an empty flour-barrel, opened the case in due form.

Colonel—(leisurely sharpening a lead pencil and looking quite conscious of his magisterial importance)—"Sir, you have been arraigned before this honorable Court on the charge of retailing intoxicating liquor to the soldiers, which proceeding is in direct disobedience to the orders issued by the commandant of this post; you are now present, and an opportunity is given you to say all that you may deem necessary for your exculpation—*do* you or do you *not* retail spirituous liquors *by the Pound* to the troops stationed here?"

Jim (slowly removing a pine straw from his mouth, with which he had been engaged in picking his teeth, and determined not to lose the opportunity of getting off the joke which his proximity to the *Pound* suggested, slowly measured the colonel from head to foot with his eye before he spoke)—"Well, sir, in a *measure* I *do*, and in a *measure* I do *not*."

Colonel—"The court does not understand you, and will be obliged for a more explicit answer; it now asks you *directly, do* you or do you *not* retail whisky and brandy in your establishment *by the Pound?*"

Jim (biting off the end of his straw and looking at the colonel with one eye shut in rather a quizzical manner)—"In a *measure* I *do*, colonel, and in a *measure* I do *not*."

Colonel (moving uneasily on his flour-barrel, and showing unmistakable signs of impatience)—"But, sir, we will encourage no further trifling, and if you continue longer to insult the dignity of the court by your ill-timed equivocations, you will be fined for contempt. Answer me now *directly*, are the charges correct or not? *Do* you or do you *not* retail whiskey and other spirits at your bar *by the Pound?*"

Jim (somewhat sullenly, and laying more stress on his words)—"In a *measure* I *do* and in a *measure* I do *not*."

Colonel (starting as if a bright idea had struck him, and looking knowingly at the bystanders, as much as to say, "I've got him now," said in a very patronizing tone of voice)—"Well, how do you *do*, sir?"

Jim (straightening himself up and smiling complacently on the colonel)—"*Pretty well*, colonel, *how are you?*"

Owing to the discharge of the inkstand belonging to the colonel's table, which grazed Jim's ear and rendered the neighborhood unhealthy for spectators, our informant left the room precipitately and hath no more to say in regard to the trial.

"PHŒNIX."

STRANGELY DETECTED.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

"I say, deacon!" called a voice, one Sunday afternoon, over Deacon Rollin's garden fence.

The voice was weak, trembling and excited. Deacon Rollin looked up from his contemplation of the ripening vegetables in surprise.

A woman was leaning against the fence, and her face was frightfully pale. She was trembling all over as if with faintness.

"Why, Mrs. Hillson!" cried the deacon, hardly recognizing the features of a new neighbor. "I didn't know you at first, you look so scared! What's the matter? Any o' your folks sick?"

"Oh deacon!" exclaimed Mrs. Hillson, hysterically, "you don't know how frightened I am! I was down in the Brown woods looking for some herbs to lay up for use in winter. I was stumbling round, bent over, looking right down at the ground, thinking only about finding the herbs I was searching for. All at once I looked up and there, right before me, was a man hanging by the neck to a little iron-wood tree! Right there before my *face*, not ten feet from me! I thought I should drop dead, I was so frightened, but I managed to turn my eyes away from the horrible sight at last, and then I run as hard as I could, without daring to stop for breath, till I got in sight of our house. Then I screamed and Thomas heard me, and ran to meet me. I told him what I had seen, and he has gone down there; he sent me after you, and wanted the neighbors to hurry down to the Brown woods right away. Oh dear! I feel just ready to sink. I never, never was so frightened before!"

"I don't wonder!" said the deacon. "Come in, and let Mrs. Rollin get you a cup of tea, and rest yourself. I'll start off the boys to rouse the neighbors, and I'll go down at once.

Deacon Rollin called his two boys and told them briefly what had occurred, and bade them go and inform the neighbors. They hurried off, wondering, and half-frightened, for such an occurrence as this had never been heard of before in Wyndham. Deacon Rollin started at once for Brown's woods, a piece of timbered land standing a short distance off from the main road. He was not long on the way thither. Mr. Hillson met him at the entrance to the wood lot.

"Who is it?" asked Deacon Rollin.

"A strange person," answered Mr. Hillson. "Some laborer from the railroad above here, I take it from his appearance. I should judge he'd been dead some hours."

They proceeded to the place where the dead man hung. A woollen scarf, or "comforter," in the western vernacular, had been wound twice about the neck, and then tied above a limb on a small iron-wood tree. The man appeared to have then thrown himself forward, and remained in that position until death took place, while his feet still remained on the ground. Indeed, the scarf was fastened about the tree only far enough from the ground to produce strangulation when he half reclined. Had he struggled much it was even possible for his hands to have touched the ground.

"He must have been determined to kill himself," said Deacon Rollin, thoughtfully. "Nothing but sheer force of will could have kept him long enough in that position, while he was strangling, till insensibility came on. It looks strange."

It was decided not to cut him down until others arrived. Soon men began to make their appearance on the scene. I never shall forget it. It made too vivid an impression on my young mind to be easily obliterated. I remember standing at quite a distance from the dead man as he dangled from the tree, and watching the body with a strange sort of fascination. The men crowded about it with awed faces, full of intense excitement. Wyndham was usually a very quiet place. Excitement was something not often experienced in its borders. The fact that this took place on the Sabbath made the excitement seem more startling. I suppose because the Sabbath in Wyndham was a season of perfect quiet usually.

In a short time a large crowd had assembled. The body was cut down, and laid on the ground at the foot of a tree. No one knew anything about who he was, but the idea seemed probable that he was a laborer from the railroad a few miles north; about a hundred men were at work on the route, mostly foreigners. This man had every appearance of being a Norwegian. Men were despatched to the railroad to make inquiries, and, if any person or persons were missing, to bring men back who might be able to identify this man, if he had formerly been at work among them.

The afternoon wore away. The sky became overcast with clouds as night came on. The men separated into little groups, and conversed in low voices as to the probable cause of the suicide, if suicide it was; some hinted at suspicion of foul play. Indeed, it did not seem possible that a person could have hung himself in such a position, and there were considerable grounds for suspicion.

As night settled down, gray and gloomy, some men started a huge fire which lit up the scene fantastically, and about which we all crowded, while the body lay at some distance in the shadows.

By and by the men who had been sent to the railroad camp returned, bringing half a dozen laborers with them. Saturday had been pay-day, and several men had left the camp. Perhaps this man might be one of them.

Torches were procured, and the crowd moved to the spot where the dead man lay. The flickering light fell over his features in a crimson glare, and lit up his purple cheeks and slightly-protruding eyeballs frightfully.

Two or three of the men recognized the body at once as that of Hans Oleson, a Norwegian, who had been at work for about three months on the railroad. The day before he had been paid off and started for his home in a distant portion of the State.

Immediately after cutting the body down, it had been searched—but nothing of any account had been found about it. No money at all, and nothing by which it could be identified. What then had become of the money he had received the day before? The question ran like wild fire through the crowd. Here was something that more than hinted at foul play.

While some of the leading persons in the crowd talked together as to what ought to be done, the rain began to fall, and peals of thunder rolled heavily up from the south. Flashes of lightning lit up the scene luridly, as the fire died down.

Suddenly a fierce, blinding flash made the scene as light as day, and the tree at whose foot the dead man lay, seemed wholly enveloped in the electric fluid. And in that fierce, white glare of unearthly radiance—we all saw the dead body move convulsively, and one arm jerked itself upward and pointed directly toward one of the men who had come down from the railroad camp to identify the body, while the face seemed working all over in a horrible grin.

A shriek rang out upon the air from the man at whom the dead man's hand seemed directed, and he fell forward heavily upon the ground, shuddering and moaning in abject fear—and we easily understood from his broken sentences, that he had murdered the man by choking him, and then suspended him from the tree in order to avoid suspicion. The electric influence of the lightning had terrified him into the belief that the life had come back into his victim long enough for him to detect his murderer.

On searching the self-confessed criminal, the money he had taken from the murdered man was found upon his person.

He was arrested and taken to a place of confinement, while the dead man was properly cared for. An examination was held on the morrow. The murderer confessed his guilt, believing that some supernatural agency had been at work in his detection. He was taken to the county jail, and I believe was sentenced to imprisonment for life.

It was a long time before the excitement in Wyndham died away. To this day many persons believe that something more than electric influence put motion and momentary life, so to speak, into that dead body. To me it does not seem so very strange, though I confess it frightened me more than I would have been willing to admit at the time. That the murderer was strangely detected, no one can deny.

THE NEW DIAMOND FEVER.

It will be remembered that, some time since, an extraordinary statement was made in London regarding the alleged Arizona diamond discovery. This assertion, coming from reputable bankers, was that persons had recently bought of them a considerable quantity of diamonds and rubies in the rough, and that circumstances showed that the jewels may have been taken to Arizona, and there deliberately sown and unearthed again, in order to create a diamond excitement for purposes of speculation in land and stocks. This charge is so extraordinary that it seems rather easier to believe in the genuineness of the discovery. Nevertheless, the assertions of fraud are as positively made on one side as they are indignantly denied on the other. We do not see that the London allegations are yet made out, but if they were it would not be the first time that this trick has been tried for the purpose of deceiving miners. The Duluth Tribune recalls that a few years ago a great excitement was raised by the announcement that gold in large quantities had been discovered in the northern part of Nebraska. Thousands went out there, and, sure enough, many of the adventurers found unmistakable evidences of the precious metal. Claims were at once staked off, and the attention of capitalists being drawn to the fact, and the reports of their agents confirming the stories of the discovery, these claims were purchased at exorbitant figures and numerous stock companies were formed. A short time afterward, however, the gold gave out, and it then came to light that certain sharpers had bought a lot of the crude metal and had actually fired it into the banks from the mouth of a small cannon. The surface thus became impregnated with gold, and it was hard to detect the deception. The Duluth Tribune accordingly asks whether the alleged diamonds in Arizona have not been planted there.

We may admit that these charges and suggestions, though made in an indefinite way, ought to be sufficient to put adventurers on their guard. Nevertheless, it is undeniable that rubies have been known in the Arizona regions for a dozen years, and it is very certain that several different parties have already found precious stones of great value on the borders of Arizona and New Mexico. The question as to the quantity and value of the stones claimed to be diamonds seems to be still a matter of some doubt.

DRUG STORE PERIL.

A correspondent of the New Orleans Picayune makes some pertinent remarks on the unlawful licensing of uneducated druggists. As an illustration of the vital importance of a thorough knowledge of medical chemistry to qualify a person for compounding prescriptions, it may be mentioned that not long since a physician tried an experiment to satisfy himself as to the extent of the danger incurred on account of ignorance in this regard. Calling at a certain drug store he presented the following prescription: "Hydrarg. clor. mitis, grs. x; soda bicarb., grs. x; ammonia muriat., grs. x." Saying he would call for the mixture in a few minutes, he turned as if to go, when the druggist, in an excited tone, called him back.

"Doctor," said the latter, "I can't make up these ingredients for anybody to take! You must have made a mistake."

"How so?" said the doctor.

"Why, don't you see that here are all the ingredients to constitute corrosive sublimate?"

"Of course I do!" was the answer. "But I have submitted the same prescription at a dozen different places, and you are the first one who has objected to putting it up, or indicated any suspicion of its deadly nature."

RED TAPE.

One of the celebrities of the Moscow ballet lately called upon a local official with a request that he would give her the usual formal permission to take a month's tour in the provinces for the benefit of her health, retaining her salary during the time of furlough. The man in office received her very politely, and asked for her written petition.

"I have no written petition," answered the artist; "I had no idea that such a thing was necessary."

"Not necessary, madam? Why, nothing can be done without it?"

"What am I to do, then?"

"Here are pens, ink, and paper; be so good as to sit down and write while I dictate."

The lady obeyed; the petition was written, signed, and folded.

"And now," said the representative of justice, "you have only to deliver it."

"To whom?"

"To whom?" repeated the official, with a slight smile at her simplicity. "To me, of course."

And taking the petition which he had himself dictated, he produced his spectacles, wiped them carefully, adjusted them upon his nose, read over the whole document as though it were perfectly new to him, docketed and filed it in due form, and then, turning to the impatient danseuse, said, with the utmost gravity:

"Madame, I have read your petition, and regret extremely that I cannot grant it!"

☞ The cheerful horse-fly is said "to gayly perambulate the spinal columns of Tennessee horses, and the vociferous musquito hover about their roosts and frighten the lusty fowls, who mistake them for chicken hawks."

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A PORTRAIT.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Steel-gray eyes,
Melting, flashing,
A merry laugh,
Like water plashing.

An oval face,
Paling, flushing,
Curved, full lips,
Like peaches blushing.

Light brown hair,
Rippling, curling,
Love, sweet voice,
Like streamlet purling.

Tall, slight form,
Swaying, bending,
Warm young heart
The life-flood sending.

Sweet Belle H.,
Gifted, charming,
A noble soul,
No power of harming.

E.

NEIL EVANS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY ANNE L. FORCELLE.

He was handsome as a picture, was Neil Evans; slight and delicate-looking, but with more strength in his slender body than any of the other lads—great, brawny, loosely-hung fellows,—could boast of. Bless you, sir! a grip of his girlish-looking hand was a thing to be remembered for a week, and a blow of his fist was never forgotten.

Handsome, I said,—handsome is no word for it; his face was just wonderful,—and he knew it. His father had been a gentleman, and from him he had taken his high-bred, gentlemanly ways; while his mother, though poor and uneducated, had been the prettiest girl in the county before her troubles came, and he had all her beauty, only softened and refined like. Just his eyes, alone, were enough to bewitch one, they were so large and bright and so full of roguery and mischief when he was good-natured; and then his hair was so beautiful, all full of little rings and curls, like a baby's.

I was a journeyman mason in those days, and, although Neil was two or three years younger than I, he was my "boss," as we work-folks say. You see he was keen and sharp, and, having a smooth, persuasive way with him, slipped easily along, where a dull, plodding fellow like me had to work his way by sheer perseverance.

Almost everybody liked Neil; the girls all had a smile for him, and he had no lack of money, for he had always plenty of work ahead. There was nothing to trouble him in the wide world, for he had no relatives to bother about, nor any one to take care of but himself, and I used to half envy him his easy, pleasant life. Even his men, as a general thing, liked him, and when things went smoothly, and there was no drink in the way, no one could be more pleasant and companionable than he. He had only two faults—a temper like the very Satan when it was roused, and a growing love of drink, but as he kept his temper under most of the time, and only drank at long intervals, it was only his immediate companions that knew of their existence; and besides, he had such a wheedling way with him, that after his ugliest tantrums we could not bear malice, but would excuse it all, and be as good friends as ever.

It was in the Spring of 185— that Mr. Newcastle came down from the city two weeks earlier than usual, with his family; and the great house, which had been so quiet all Winter, was reopened and set to rights. There was a great deal of talk about their coming, for Mr. Newcastle, or "the old 'squire," as we called him, was one of the greatest men in the county,—wealthy and proud,—and his arrival in the Spring, and departure for his town-house in the Fall, always made a deal of stir in the neighborhood. Besides, one of the servants had said that Miss Rose, the youngest of the family, was coming down too, having been graduated with great honors at the grand school where she had been for the last seven years, and we, who remembered her as a wee bit girl, romping around the grounds, were naturally curious to see what kind of a young lady she had grown to be.

They came down on a Saturday, and after we stopped work that afternoon we lingered a little, gossiping among ourselves about them. Neil was the only one who showed no interest whatever in the matter, and while we were talking, he busied himself brushing his clothes and fussing around, singing a rollicking drinking-song the while, (and a fine singer he was too,) until we were ready to go; then he stopped his song, and turned on us with a laugh and a flash of his great eyes.

"Is it Miss Rose Newcastle that you have been talking of, boys?" he said. "I'd not give a bad shilling to see her this minute, for I'll wager a bottle of good whisky that little Alice yonder is ten times prettier and sweeter than she. I remember just how she used to look,—and it's no beauty that she was either;" and then, with another laugh, he took his dinner-pail on his arm, and joining the girl who had just passed, walked away.

As luck would have it, however, he was destined to see Miss Rose much sooner than he thought, for on Monday morning a message was sent him to come around to the great house directly, and see what had got into one of the chimneys. Greatly to the 'squire's disgust, the fire in his favorite sitting-room had refused to burn, and he had been nearly suffocated by the smoke which had filled the house during the struggle to light it.

Neil whistled when he received the message, but said nothing, and I noticed, with a little surprise, that he made no attempt to smooth himself up before going; usually he was a bit vain and dandified about his looks when he was going among people, and I fairly stared when he took down an old cap, covered with plaster, and set it jauntily on his beautiful hair, as we started off.

"I'm a workman, Joe," he said, noticing my look, "and I'm not ashamed of it;" and it seemed to me that he had never looked so handsome before, as he did with that old cap set sideways on his head and his great blue eyes full of mischief.

It was a hard job that we had, for one of the flues was completely filled with rubbish, and we had to take down all the brick-work inside the sitting-room to get at it; but we worked diligently, Neil overseeing us and lending a helping hand now and then, while the old squire came in at intervals to see how we were progressing.

Neil was in a bad humor that morning, and I, knowing him as I did, held my tongue and worked steadily on without noticing him; but Tom Elliot, my mate, a surly, ill-conditioned fellow, but a good workman, seemed determined to exasperate him. He never liked him at any time, and during the past week, jealousy had been adding to his dislike, for pretty Alice O'Donnel had slighted him repeatedly for Neil's sake. There had been several little jars between them that morning, though no open quarrel. Tom had contented himself by scowling and muttering and idling at his work whenever Neil looked toward him; and Neil, after swearing at him roundly, had let him alone, promising, however, to discharge him at the close of the week.

It was during a lull after one of these jars that a new person made her appearance. I was looking up the chimney when the door opened, and thinking it was only the old 'squire come to hurry us again, did not look around until I heard a girlish voice.

"Dear me—how very dusty! I came down for papa's eye-glasses—they are on the mantel."

Neil was back to the door, but he turned, as I did, to look at the speaker, Miss Rose Newcastle. Not a pretty girl at all—too thin and pale for that, but she looked almost handsome as she stood there, her crimson morning-dress trailing behind her, her long, dark hair floating over her shoulders and fastened back with a ribbon like her dress.

"Will one of you hand them to me, please?" she said impatiently, and then as Neil stepped forward over the pile of rubbish and gave them to her, she put her hand out in a frank, cordial way which was very charming. "I did not recognize you before," she said, "you are Neil Evans, I know, and that is Joe Hanson who caught my runaway pony once."

I wondered a little at Neil, for, after the first few words, he came back to his work and seemed not to notice her, although she stood leaning against a chair, watching us, as interested as a child. It struck me at the time that he did it to show her that, workman as he was, he did not feel intimidated in her presence or over-pleased at her cordial recognition of him. He was hard at work when Tom, seeming to forget the young lady's presence, broke out again into his discontented mutterings, and Neil being, as I said, in an ill-humor, turned on him sharp and sudden.

"Go your way," he said, "you are no man of mine more. There's your money," tossing him a little roll of bills. "Be off with you!"

"Are you in earnest, Neil Evans?" asked Tom, dropping his trowel and springing up. "If you are, and I am no man of yours more, I'll tell you what I think of you before I leave. I don't believe in telling such things to my superiors, but now that we are equals I'll free my mind. Ye're a dirty, drinking, low-lived scamp, Neil Evans, and—"

"Stop!" I cried, starting up, for I saw mischief in Neil's eyes, and knew not to what Tom's words might lead. "Do you know where you are?—do you see the lady? Go away, Elliot—it's no good quarrelling here."

"I sincerely beg your pardon," said Neil to Miss Rose, after I had half-ordered, half-begged Tom to go, and we were quiet again, and that was all; but as she was leaving the room she turned with a little shadow of trouble on her face.

"I am afraid he is a very hard man," she said, "you must be very careful of yourself," and then she was gone.

Not one word said Neil about the affair all that day, but after tea (he boarded with me and mother then,) he went up-stairs and came down dressed in his best from top to toe, and with a rosebud in his button-hole.

"I am going out for a while," he said to mother, and then he laid his hand on my shoulder. "Are you going down to 'the Corners' to-night, Joe? I am," and I, knowing what he meant, rose and went out with him.

He was in fine spirits, laughing and talking gayly all the way; stopping now and then to joke with the groups of girls that we met, and when we came to the Widow O'Donnel's little house, he tapped on the gate lightly until a pretty face looked out at the door.

"A rosebud for you, Alice," he said, "come and get it," and when she came he put the rosebud in her fair hair and stole a kiss from her red lips, leaving her blushing and frowning in pretended anger, but at heart fonder of him than ever. That's always the way with girls, you know—if you ask them for a kiss they'll think you're a fool, (and rightly, too,) and you won't get it; but if you take one without a "by your leave" even, they'll think ten times more of you than they did before, if they do sulk a little at first.

There was a crowd in the little bar-room at "the Corners" that night, and I saw many a knowing look pass from one to another as Neil walked in; it was not often that he came there, and they knew from his looks that something unusual was going to happen. The man he wanted was not in yet, and so after a few whispered words to the landlady's daughter, Neil stepped inside the bar and busied himself while waiting by helping her attend to the others and making love to her between whiles. He never could help making love to every girl he met, it was born in him, and no one thought the worse of him for it—it was "Neil's way," they said, and thought no more about it.

It was late when Tom Elliot came slouching in, nearly dark, and I saw him start and change color a little as he met Neil's eyes, although no lady in the land could have spoken more softly and politely than Neil spoke to him.

"You are late, Mr. Elliot," he said, "and as Miss Patty's busy, I'll look out for you myself. What is it you take, sir?"

"Brandy," said Tom, trying to seem at ease, but not knowing what to make of his late master's new freak, and evidently suspecting mischief.

"Brandy it is, then," and Neil filled two glasses, then raising one to his own lips, he said with a laugh, "Here's your very good health Mr. Elliot." I fairly trembled as he set down the empty glass, for I knew just how wild and fierce liquor always made him, and feared the consequences which might follow, but he never took his eyes from Tom's face, nor did he seem to know that there was any one else in the room beside.

"And now, Mr. Elliot," he went on, raising his voice a little, and speaking very slowly and distinctly, as Tom finished his drink, "I shall be much obliged to you if you will repeat what you said to me this morning."

Everybody in the room was looking at them by this time, and you could have counted the ticks of the clock, so deathly still it was. "And supposing I don't choose to oblige you?" said Tom, shaking his great shoulders and looking around at the rest of us with a grin. "But still, if ye're anxious to hear it again, I don't mind repeating it. I said ye were a drinking, dirty, low-lived scamp, Neil Evans, and I say it again. What is more, ye're fine gentlemanly ways don't set well on a bas—"

That word was never spoken, for like a flash of lightning Neil stood before him, and raising one of his slender hands, slapped him full in the face. It did not seem a heavy blow, but as he stepped back, the print of his whole hand in deep crimson was left on Tom's freckled cheek.

"Have you anything more to say?" asked Neil as politely as before; "if not, just step outside, and we'll settle our account there," and then Patty, trembling and frightened, with tears in her black eyes, caught his sleeve.

"For goodness' sake, Mr. Neil," she pleaded "let him alone. He's twice your size, and will just about murder you."

"Will he?" laughed Neil. "Never fear for me," and without looking at Tom who stood panting with fury, and shaking his shaggy head like a mad bull, he kissed the frightened girl, and led the way out.

Once outside his whole manner changed. He took his coat off and tossed it to me, and then, with his eyes glittering, his lips shut tight together, and his face as pale as death, turned on Tom. I don't like to think of that fight even now. Tom, who had counted on an easy victory over his slight, boyish-looking antagonist, was fairly bewildered, and as for Neil, he seemed as though possessed by the devil. I could think of nothing but a fight between a tiger and an ox—if such a thing were possible. Tom was so lumbering and slow, and Neil was so quick and fierce. I believe in my heart murder would have been committed then and there, if we had not interfered and separated them. As it was, Tom was awfully punished, for what with the glass of liquor and his temper, Neil was more like a fiend than himself.

"I am sorry I didn't kill him," was all he said when the fight was over, and then he laughed, and putting on his coat went in to bid Miss Patty good-night, as though nothing had happened.

At our gate he parted with me. "I've an errand to do," he said, and although I asked no questions, I knew where he was going. He had been insulted before Miss Rose Newcastle, and I knew he would never rest until she knew of the punishment which he had administered to the offender. Workman as he was, he was morbidly jealous of his own dignity, and as proud as the grandest gentleman of them all, where his "honor" was concerned. After that night I noticed that he spoke more frequently, and much more civilly of Miss Rose, and as the days went by he was absent from his work oftener than ever before, without any visible reason; but as his affairs were not mine, I held my tongue and minded my own business.

Some way however, I couldn't help fancying that Neil had a secret—a secret which troubled him not a little, and sometimes, when we were smoking together after tea, I would think he was half-tempted to tell me what it was, for he would sit and stare at me for awhile, and then seem to give it up and think better of it.

I puzzled a good deal over the change in him, but could make nothing of it. Alice O'Donnell was as fond of him as ever, he had plenty of work, and what had got into him to make him so moping and unlike himself I couldn't think. One night, however, I got a new idea.

In pulling some traps out of his pocket, Neil accidentally dropped a little white roll upon the floor. He laughed and changed color as he saw that I noticed it, and then picking it up and shaking it out, tossed it to me. It was a little lace handkerchief, not larger than my hand, and in one corner, worked in the prettiest white silk, was a name which made me start as I read it—"Rose Newcastle."

"I did not steal it," said Neil, seeing my surprise. "Don't look so daft, Joe, she gave it to me herself;" and then, not troubling himself to explain, he stuffed it carelessly back into his pocket, as though it was of no consequence whatever, and went out, whistling gayly, and leaving me in a perfect maze.

On that day week Neil knocked off work in the middle of the afternoon and went off, no one knew where. Mother and I waited supper for him, but were forced to give him up at last, and it was not until nearly ten o'clock that we heard him at the gate. The nights were growing chilly, and mother and I were sitting by the fire in the kitchen, so we heard his steps plainly.

"What has come to the boy that he walks so slow?" said mother, listening eagerly. (She was as fond of Neil as she was of me almost.) "Open the door, Joe, and look out."

I did as she bade me, and Neil's voice hailed me out of the darkness, and then Neil himself pushed rudely by me and came in. Neil himself, but not alone. Leaning on his arm, shivering and trembling with the cold, with a frightened look on her face, and her pretty silk dress all muddied and wet, (it had come on to rain since nightfall,) was a young lady, Miss Rose Newcastle.

Neil was the first to speak. "What in the devil are you staring at?" he said savagely. "Hand a chair here, and be quick about it."

The young lady looked faint and tired, and sank into the chair without a word, and mother signing to me to keep my tongue still, busied herself by removing her wet cloak and hat; while Neil, turning his back on us all, walked to the window and looked sulkily out into the storm. It seemed hours before any one spoke, and then Neil coming back to the fire and standing beside Miss Rose, said in a half-sullen, half-defiant way, avoiding our eyes and looking straight into the blaze, "This lady is my wife—Mrs. Hanson and Joe—we were married in Dartlan this afternoon, and have just returned. Poor girl!" looking down at her and speaking almost tenderly, "it's a sorry lot you've chosen, and a dreary wedding you have had."

There was a deal of wonder and talk in the village when the news was told; everybody had something to say about it, one way or the other, of course. There was an awful time at the squire's; they said that he raved and tore like a madman at first, and then he ordered every one of her belongings packed up, and they were sent down to our house without a word or a message, and after that her name was never mentioned by any of the family. One of the maid-servants told us that Miss Rose's picture, which hung in the great drawing-room, had been covered by the squire's orders with a thick black cloth, which was never lifted. He was a hard old man, proud as Lucifer. Miss Rose was his favorite child, his youngest and his darling; but I think he would have killed her with his own hand, rather than to see her married to Neil Evans.

At first, as is generally the case, the newly-married couple seemed very happy; at least Miss Rose (as I still called her) did. She fairly worshipped her handsome husband; and although, of course, she could not help missing the pretty, elegant things she had been used to at her home, and felt a bit lonely and low-spirited now and then (especially when the winter settled down and the squire and his family went back to town, without a word or a look to show that they knew of her existence,) she never let Neil see it, and was always cheerful and bright when he was by.

Brought up as she had been never to know anything about work or care, it was just pitiful to see her following mother around the house and trying to learn it all for Neil's sake. She tried very hard to be useful, poor thing! She would insist upon mending all Neil's clothes herself, and would worry over the patches and darns (Neil was awful careless about his things) for hours together, grimming up her pretty hands and tiring herself all out so that Neil might see how hard she was trying to help along.

And Neil himself fairly surprised me. He seemed to have turned over a new leaf in earnest. His temper never showed once, excepting among us men, and he never drank a drop for the whole long winter.

There was a great deal of talk and gossip about his sudden breaking off with Alice O'Donnel, but as no one dared to mention anything about it before him; and as Alice herself, like the high-spirited girl that she was, held her tongue on the subject, and was one of the first to wish Neil and his wife happiness, nobody knew anything about it for certain. Alice went off soon after to visit an aunt of hers in the next county, and Neil never mentioned her or seemed to think of her at all.

In the early Spring the squire's house was again opened, and an anxious look came into Miss Rose's face as she sat by the window of our little sitting-room and watched the servants busily making preparations for the family's arrival. I knew well enough of what she was thinking; she was wondering if they would come back and live all summer within sight of her and never recognize her or notice her in the least. Poor thing! I used to pity her then, but I pitied her more as the days went by, for I saw how she had hoped for at least a partial reconciliation, and how cruel a disappointment their cold indifference was to her; but never a word of complaint or discontent did Neil hear.

So the Spring went by; Neil keeping so steady and industrious that mother and I often spoke of it together, and really began to think that his old evil temper was conquered, and driven out for all time. True, he often blazed out at us men when we were at work, and swore and stormed when things went wrong, but it was nothing to his old tantrums; and as he let the drink alone, he never showed any of his ugliness at home, but was always pleasant and soft-spoken to his wife, although someway I had begun to fancy that he didn't care nearly as much for her as he ought.

It was the first of June when Alice O'Donnel came back—but as we were very busy just then, it happened that neither Neil nor I saw her until over a week after her return. I remember the time well; it was just sunset, and Neil and I were going home from our work. The day had been very warm, and Neil, in his careless way, had taken his hat off, and was walking along bare-headed in the cool evening breeze; his damp hair curling and crinkling around his white forehead like a girl's, and his handsome face looking a bit tired and worn as it often did of late.

I saw Alice when she turned the corner, but she did not notice us until we were very near her; then the color flamed in her face for a moment and she half-hesitated before speaking—but she was a high-spirited girl, as I have said before, and she stepped and put both hands out, one to Neil and one to me, with a little laugh.

"Is it you, Joe?" she said, "and Mr. Neil too? I am glad to see you indeed. Haven't you something pretty to say to me now I am back again?"

And Neil, with a queer pallor creeping over his face, answered with a few light words, and would have passed, but she detained us both for a few minutes, talking and laughing, and playfully scolding Neil for being "cross" and "sulky."

I could see plainly that she was doing it all to prove, that notwithstanding the talk, she was not "breaking her heart for another girl's husband," as the gossip had said; and I saw that Neil Evans was deeper in love with her than ever. Every time he looked at her, his eyes told the secret; and when he spoke to her there was a tone in his voice which his wife—poor lady—never heard when he spoke to her.

"If you are going my way," said Alice, "I'll turn back, for the sake of company."

And so she did; walking between us, talking and laughing as much with one as the other, all the way up the street, past the stores and principal houses, to show how little difference Neil's marriage had made between her and him. It was not until we turned down the quiet lane leading to her home that she grew quieter, and she put her hand on my arm in a queer appealing way as we walked along.

"Good-night," she said, at the gate. "Good-night, Neil."

She had not meant to say that last word, but it came more naturally than "Mr." and was spoken before she thought. She was standing underneath a great syringa bush, just inside the gate, and I never shall forget how lovely she looked with her pretty face, her floating yellow hair, and her soft, gray dress, all shining out against the dark-green leaves.

"Good-night," said Neil. And then with a sideways look at me, "you will give me one kiss for old times' sake, Alice?"

I turned to go, but she caught my sleeve.

"Don't leave me!" she said, under her breath—"don't leave me alone with him!" And then turning on Neil in a sudden heat. "Oh, Neil Evans! is it you that asks that? Is it you that calls me to remember 'old times?' oh, for shame! for shame!"

"Alice," he said, turning paler yet, "I was wrong—forgive me!"

"Go back to your fine-lady wife that you married—for love—and say no more to me," she went on breathlessly. "God forgive you; it's an aching heart you have made me carry this long day, Neil, but I'll say no more about it. I am wild to talk so, but it will come, and I can't keep it back longer. Go your way, Neil—and good-night."

He stood quite still for a minute or two after she ran in; but when I spoke, he roused himself with an effort, and walked along a few steps, and then stopped short.

"Will you take my pail home?" he said, not looking at me, but straight before him, "I'm not going yet."

It was useless, as I well knew, to try to move him when he had that look on his face, but for the sake of his waiting wife, I did try my very best.

"D—n you!" he said, savagely, "let me alone. You know me, and I give you fair warning."

And then he flung away from me, and I went home alone.

When he came home that night, (it was nearly midnight, but as Miss Rose would sit up for him, in spite of mother's coaxing, we sat up to keep her company,) I knew from the look on his face that he had been drinking. He opened the door and walked through the room and straight up-stairs, without a word or a look at any of us, and Miss Rose followed him, meekly. I saw the tiger look in his eyes as he passed me, and after they were gone, mother and I glanced at each other with a vague dread. Not for long, however, for suddenly Neil's voice, high and sharp, cut through the silence, and although we could not distinguish a word that he said, I knew that he was in one of his old, awful rages.

I started to my feet, after a moment, for there was no knowing what he would do when his temper got the better of him, and I thought of the terror Miss Rose must be in up there alone with him, but just then their door was flung open and Miss Rose, pale and wild-looking, rushed down stairs again, and almost flung herself into mother's arms.

"I am afraid," she said. "Oh, my God! afraid of Neil. Don't let him touch me, don't let him come near me; he will murder me—he said so!"

She had commenced undressing; her long hair was all down, her dress waist was slipped off, leaving her pretty neck and arms bare, and on one shoulder, white and soft as a baby's, was a broad, crimson mark, the print of her husband's cruel hand.

"He says such awful things," said the poor young thing, trembling and clinging to mother. "He cursed me; he said he hated me, and that he only married me because—"

"Because I wanted to bring down your father's devilish pride." It was Neil who interrupted her; he stood in the doorway, looking in at us with a wicked smile on his ghastly face, and his wife screamed and hid her face when she saw him.

"I ruined myself soul and body for *that*, Rose Newcastle," he went on, fiercely. "Curse you again for it! I hated him, and knew where to strike deepest. He was the finest, richest, proudest gentleman in the county, and I was a poor workman—worse than that; but I humbled him through you, you—!"

It was a fearful name he called her, and she moaned and shrank closer to mother when she heard it.

I went up to him and laid my hand on his arm. "Neil," I said, "go to bed; you are raving drunk. Come up-stairs with me, that's a good fellow."

"I am not drunk!" He raised his voice almost to a scream, and pushed me away as though I were a child. "I mean it. Curse her!—curse her!—curse her!"

He started toward the door as he said the last words, and Miss Rose, seeing the wild look on his face, terrified as she was, left mother and went to him. "Oh, Neil!" she cried, clasping her hands around his arm, "for God's sake, don't go out! You are mad. Oh, my darling! don't."

She said no more, for with an oath too hideous to repeat, Neil Evans struck her down to the floor, and then, before we could realize what had happened, he was gone, lost in the midnight darkness.

The next day, and still the next, Miss Rose lay white and motionless, unconscious of all around her, moaning all the time in a way that was heart-breaking to hear; but during the second night her little baby's first cry aroused her and brought her back to life.

"Where is Neil?" That was the first thing that she said; and then mother, fearing to deceive her, told her that Neil was at rest forever.

Mother said that she did not speak one word when she told her, but lay quite still for awhile after, with her hands folded and her eyes closed, as though praying; and by and by she pulled the blanket away from the baby's face and kissed him and cried over him very softly, but did not grieve in the way mother had feared—neither then nor after. It seemed as though that last cruel blow which Neil had given her, had crushed her love for him almost out of existence, and perhaps it was better so.

She never knew the worst; she never knew that he had been found on the jagged rocks at the foot of the old "North Cliffs," so crushed and battered, that nothing but his wonderful face was left that seemed like his old self. She only knew what we told her, and I knew that God would forgive us for deceiving her a little in such a case.

It seemed just wicked to bury that face of his out of sight. I had been very fond of him, in my rough way, after all. I had known him since he was a little, little child, and when I went into the room where he was lying, so white and still, and looked down at that wonderful face which no evil passion would ever mar again, I forgot all except that handsome, high-spirited Neil was gone, and cried like a woman beside his bedside, praying God in His mercy to deal gently with his erring soul.

There is little more to tell, only this. Miss Rose was sick a weary while, but the baby throve finely, and there came a day, late in the Summer, when Miss Rose at last left her sick-room, and was well again, though pale and weak still; and soon after there came another day when the grand Newcastle carriage stopped at our door, and the old squire himself got out, and coming in, without a word, put his arms around Miss Rose and the baby in her lap; and Miss Rose, laying her head on his shoulder with a little tired sigh, knew that she was forgiven at last. And so Miss Rose went back to her old home, and mother and I were left alone.

Years have passed since then; Miss Rose's brothers and sisters are all married and settled, and she and her father and Master Arthur, ("Arthur Newcastle" they call him,) now a tall, handsome lad, with his father's look, but his mother's gentle ways, have gone away to some foreign place, for the squire's health has been failing of late, and Miss Rose was growing worried over him.

And Alice O'Donnel. As time went by she seemed to outgrow the old sorrow, and when, years after Neil's death, I asked her if she would come to my home and be my wife, she did not answer no. Instead of that, she put her soft cheek close to mine and whispered gently, "Yes, for I love you, Joe, dear." And sometimes during the twilight we walk out together to a carefully-tended grave not far away, and standing beside it, hand in hand, pray for the peace of the soul of Neil Evans.

COOL.

Policeman Badger, of the Tenth Station, had a bit of experience the other night which he is not fond of talking about. It was past midnight as he was leisurely pushing his beat through Jessup street, and as he came opposite to Drayton & Fogg's jewelry store he observed gleams of light through the chinks of the shutter, and he rapped at the door.

"Is that you, policeman," asked a voice within.

"Yes," answered Badger.

"Well—it's only me: it's all right. Kind o' chilly out, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"Thought so. I was just fixing the fire. Good-night."

Badger said "good-night," and pursued his way.

An hour afterward Badger passed through Jessup street again, and again he saw the light in the jewelry store. It didn't look right, and he banged at the door loudly.

"Halloo!" cried the voice within. "Is it you, policeman?"

"Yes."

"All right. Won't you come in and warm you? It won't hurt anything for you to slip from your beat a few minutes."

The door was opened, and Policeman Badger entered, and he found the inmate to be a very gentlemanly-looking man, in a linen duster.

"Come right up to the stove, policeman. Excuse me a moment."

The man took the ash-pan from the bottom of the stove, and carried it down to the cellar and emptied it and when he had returned and wiped his hands, he said, with a smile:

"Chilly night, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"Chilly outside, and dull inside. (Another smile.) New goods for the Spring trade, and have to keep our eyes open. Lonesome work, this watching all night; but I manage to find a bit of comfort in *this*. Won't you join me in a tip? You'll find it the pure thing."

And the man in the duster produced a black bottle and a tumbler.

Policeman Badger partook, and having wiped his lips, and given his fingers a new warming, he left the store and resumed his beat, satisfied that all was right in Drayton & Fogg's.

But the morning brought a new revealment. Drayton & Fogg's store had been robbed, during the night, of $6000 worth of watches and jewelry; and though Policeman Badger carries in his mind an exact daguerreotype of the robber, the adroit rascal has not yet been found.

ELECTRIC AFFINITIES.—"It is a fact," says Mr. Scudamore, "that a telegraph clerk in London, who was engaged on a wire to Berlin, formed an acquaintance with and an attachment for a female clerk who worked on the same wire in Berlin, that he made a proposal of marriage to her, and that she accepted him without having seen him. They were married, and the marriage resulting from their electric affinities is supposed to have turned out as well as those in which the senses are more apparently concerned."

☞ A French physician asserts that rheumatism affects the brain as well as the joints and makes the patient unsocial, uncivil, cross, dejected and forlorn.

A BLACK SHEEP IN THE FOLD;

OR,

THE SECRET FEUD.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY RETT WINWOOD.

CHAPTER XXX.

WORKING AND WAITING.

Of course it was Miles Rugby's step they had heard, and he advanced directly to the apartment in which Victor and the poor maniac were waiting.

He threw open the door, advanced straight to Victor's side, and caught him by both shoulders with an instinctive tendency to a struggle.

"You cursed dog," he yelled, angrily, "why are you in *this* room?"

Victor released himself with difficulty. The situation was awkward in the extreme. His heart beat violently, and he grew cold with apprehension.

"I beg your pardon—" he began, falteringly.

"Why did you come here? Tell me that!" interrupted Miles with a volley of curses.

Victor looked round for the poor maniac. He meant to place himself before her and so protect her from the villain's violence if he offered any. But, to his infinite surprise, she was no longer in the apartment.

Miles might have seen her nevertheless, and it would not answer to feign utter ignorance of her.

"Why are you so excited?" he asked. "Pray compose yourself and you shall learn directly what brought me to this room."

Miles stood gnawing his lip and looking at the young man with burning eyes. "Go on," he said, between his teeth.

"The fact is I heard a woman in the passage, soon after you left me, and she seemed to be in great distress about something. I was sure she came into this apartment, and very naturally followed her here?"

He looked eagerly round the room as he spoke. A door opened from the left, and he readily conjectured that the maniac must have disappeared through that.

Indeed he now heard a low, gurgling laugh from the other side of the door which set his last doubt at rest.

Miles drew a deep breath of relief. "Did the woman say anything to you?" he asked.

"She asked me if Lurline was sleeping."

"Humph! It was a poor crazed old woman you saw. I thought she was safely locked up before you came out to breakfast."

He spoke calmly, but his face was pale. And he had scarcely ended when a voice from the other side of the door cried piteously:

"Reuben, is it you? Nobody will tell me about Lurline—*our* Lurline. But you cannot be so hard-hearted as the rest. Do tell me what they have done with her."

Miles staggered backward a step or two. "Come away," he cried, hoarsely, catching hold of Victor's arm. "Come away."

They returned to the apartment in which the breakfast table was still standing. Miles looked sullen and ill at ease; but he sought to propitiate his guest.

"Forgive me for being so rough with you just now, my boy," he said. "Of course no offence was intended. I thought, at first, you might be prying into matters that didn't concern you, and of course my blood was up in a twinkling."

"Of course."

"I am not surprised that you should feel curious about Mad Miriam."

"The woman who was asking for Lurline?"

"Yes."

"Whom does she mean by Lurline?"

"Her child. It died nearly ten years ago, in Italy."

He made this answer in a quick, low voice. An attentive ear might have detected a tremor of agitation in it, however.

"Poor woman," said Victor. "And she has never been able to realize her loss?"

"Only at times. The child lay as if sleeping when she saw her last. She seems to have kept that picture before her mind ever since. She thinks Lurline is sleeping still."

"The loss of the child crazed her, no doubt?"

"Yes."

"Who is this woman? What is her true name, I mean?"

Miles gave an impatient snort. "Bah!" he snarled. "I'm tired of talking of her. She's a poor creature whom I have looked after for charity's sake. There, ask me no more."

Victor was silent. But his thoughts ran fast enough, and in something like this strain:

"I can see pretty clearly what the history of this woman must have been. She is the guilty creature who fled from her husband so many years ago with my father. I am sure of so much. But beyond that I stumble into the fog again. If this man who sits here before me is *not* my father, why should he have cared for my father's paramour all these years, as he evidently has done? That is where I am puzzled and baffled. It may take a keener brain than mine, after all, to solve this enigma."

He sighed deeply, for he saw how difficulties were thickening round his path. Above all Miles was beginning to suspect his motive in coming to Hook Dock.

It would now be more necessary than ever to make each and every move with extreme caution.

For the remainder of the day he dared do nothing; and that night he rested quietly in his bed, and attempted no new explorations.

Indeed, there was nothing more to explore. During the day Miles had removed the despatch-box—which Victor had searched—and the desk—which he had *not* searched for want of opportunity—to the common sitting-room.

This fact looked ominous. It made the young man more cautious than ever to learn what was in the desk.

But it was always kept locked, and none of his keys would open it. Besides, the liability of being interrupted made it very difficult of access.

But Victor was not the sort of person to give up easily because balked in one direction. During the second day of his sojourn in that queer old house in Hook Dock, he went out to purchase some wax with which to take an impression of the key-hole.

He had made his purchase, and was returning, when he came face to face with his body-servant, Vijal, in the street.

The poor fellow seemed delighted at the meeting. "Lord bless you, sir, I've found you," he cried, seizing Victor's hand and wringing it warmly.

"Were you looking for me, Vijal?"

"Should think I was, sir," was the answer. "I've done nothing all this blessed morning but tramp, tramp, tramp up this street and down that. I knew I'd find you some time, sir."

Victor was touched. "Why did you wish to find me?" he asked.

"I knew you were in trouble of some sort, sir," said Vijal, dropping his head. "Of course you wouldn't let out anything to a poor fellow like me; but I saw it all the same. And I didn't know what might'n't happen if you were left to run about by yourself."

"There, there. You are a good, true, faithful fellow, and I like you. But you had no need to alarm yourself."

"I'm not sure of that, sir," shaking his head, doubtfully. "Anyhow I'd rather remain near you, if you please."

Victor considered a moment. "How did you know I was in New York?" he asked, presently.

"Mistress told me that. But she wouldn't tell me anything more."

"Does she know that you are here?"

Vijal shook his head. "Came on my own responsibility, sir."

"When did you leave Roundwood?"

"Yesterday."

"And you have been looking for me ever since?"

"Yes, sir."

Victor thoughtfully rubbed his hands together.

"I'm going to tell you a secret, Vijal," he said, presently. "I came to New York on a secret and dangerous mission."

"Is that true, sir?" opening wide his eyes. "I thought you were only running away from Miss Dora because she was so cold and unconcerned like."

The poor fellow colored to his temples.

"That may have had something to do with my coming," he said, confusedly. "But another motive entirely was at the foundation of it all. As I told you before, I came here on a secret mission."

"Then I can be of service to you, sir," cried Vijal, eagerly.

"No, I do not think you can."

His countenance fell. "Surely, sir, you will not send me back to Roundwood alone?"

"I ought."

"But you will not? Please, sir, do not force me to go back without you."

At that, Victor fell to pondering. Of course he could not take Vijal into the secret retreat which Miles Rugby made his headquarters. But the fellow was trustworthy. Why not find lodgings for him in the neighborhood, and so have him near at hand in case of emergency?

The idea was a good one. He turned, and wrung Vijal's hand.

"My faithful fellow," he said, with some emotion, "make your mind easy. You shall not go back to Roundwood without me."

CHAPTER XXXI.

A GLEAM OF LIGHT.

Victor easily found lodgings for Vijal in plain sight of the mysterious dwelling of which he was an inmate for the time being.

To be sure it was a poor place, and amongst lawless characters; but then Vijal was a shrewd fellow, and knew how to defend himself.

"Keep yourself quiet and watch patiently the progress of events," Victor said, at parting. "I will visit you every day at four o'clock. So long as I do that, you may rest assured that all is well with me. But if a day should pass, and I fail to come—"

"Then I shall go for you, sir," Vijal interrupted, in a tone of deep significance.

Victor was silent, but none the less moved for that.

Then master and man clasped hands again, and so parted.

Victor made his way into the house without encountering more than two or three of the desperate characters with whom Miles was wont to associate. He had taken care to avoid them, as much as possible, from the first.

During the progress of the afternoon, he was left alone in Miles's sitting-room for a few minutes.

Here was an opportunity not to be neglected. He produced the wax he had purchased, and quickly set to work.

In a very few minutes he had taken the impression he wished to take, and had removed, as far as possible, all traces of what he had been doing.

"It is now only necessary to have a key made," he thought. "Any locksmith will do that. Then the secret Miles Rugby is trying to keep from me, will, perhaps, be laid bare. At any rate, may God grant it."

Not to ruin all by undue haste, he waited until the next morning before taking the impression he had made to a locksmith.

When he did, so, he was promised a key in twenty-four hours.

It was a longer delay than he had calculated upon, but he bore the suspense bravely.

Of course he was with Vijal when four o'clock came round. But he only went to keep the faithful fellow in good spirits.

"Don't show yourself too often," he said, by way of caution. "Some one of the men with whom I am compelled to associate for the time, might recognize you. I wouldn't like that to happen. It would interfere seriously with my plans, perhaps."

Vijal promised to be very careful in all his movements. By this time he comprehended fully that it was Miles Rugby whom his master had come hither to watch; but of course he knew nothing of the issue at stake.

On his return, while traversing the passage which led to the room Miles had given him during his stay, Victor heard the sound of weeping and wailing in one of the side apartments.

"Oh, Lurline, Lurline, I'm sick and tired for you, Lurline. Why won't you come to me when I call, angel Lurline?"

He knew the voice well enough. It was that of the woman Miles had called Mad Miriam. Of course she was locked into this room. Indeed, she had been there ever since that first day when she had appeared to him so unexpectedly in the passage.

He wished to speak with her, but dared not. Too much was at stake for him to risk anything by making careless moves.

He saw her the next day, however. He had been to the locksmith's for the key he had ordered to be made, and was stealing back to his room again when Mad Miriam thrust her head out at the door of her own chamber, and asked eagerly:

"Where is Lurline? Is she sleeping still?"

Then she caught sight of Victor's face, and stopped short, and stared at him.

"Oh, is it you, my Lord Duke of Buckingham?" she said, making a profound courtesy. "I'm delighted to see you."

Victor scarcely knew what to think of this sudden change in her, but he said politely—

"The pleasure is mutual, madam."

"Of course it is, most noble duke," and the poor silly creature looked flattered and pleased by that word "madam." "I think there must be an affinity of some sort between us. I've felt it from the first."

"Yes" he returned, softly, "the sad but common affinity of mutual misfortune."

She stared again, not at all comprehending this sort of talk. And presently she burst out laughing.

"I say, most noble duke, didn't we fool the captain nicely the other day?"

"Did we?"

"You ought to know all about it," she retorted, half angrily. "Why do you say 'did we?' as if you didn't comprehend what I am talking about. It isn't like a lordly duke to do that."

"You are right—it isn't."

"Ha, ha! I slipped through the closet door just as the captain bounced in upon us, you see. I knew he'd be angry if he found us together. I wasn't sure that *you* would have the good sense not to tell on me. But you acted admirably—admirably, most noble duke."

"Where is the captain now?"

"Gone," she answered.

"But he will be back directly."

"Oh no, he won't;" chuckling softly to herself. "He won't be back for hours. And I've found the key to my room and let myself out again. Isn't that *rions*?"

"Yes, yes. You are too shrewd, by far, for a thick-skull, like the captain."

"Ain't I?" Then she stopped and shook her head reflectively. "But the captain's skull isn't so very thick, after all. He's cunning as the devil. You can't keep much from the captain. I've tried to fool him before; and he has a way of finding out things, in spite of all you can do."

Victor's chin dropped on his breast. His mind was all in a whirl. Had Miles really left the house to be absent some hours? If so, this was the very opportunity he wanted to effect his purposes.

He had the duplicate key of the desk in his hand. It would only be necessary to step into the adjoining room and make use of it.

But a sudden thought flashed like lightning upon his brain. If the result of the search he intended making should compel him to leave the house instantly, there was an end forever, it might be, to the hope of rescuing the poor wretch confined as a maniac in Belgrave House, and who had implored his aid in the name of Christ.

"I can't do it—I can't desert the poor fellow," he muttered, while cold drops came out on his forehead and stood there in great beads. "His appeal may never reach other ears than mine. I can't go away or do anything until I have found some clue that will guide me to the house where he is confined."

Then he turned to the mad woman, took her hand in his, and said in a very impressive voice:

"I beseech you to exert all the powers of your mind, and attend carefully to what I am about to say to you."

"I am attending," she returned, bridling. "Speak on, most noble duke."

"You told me the other day that you had been shut up in Belgrave House. Now, tell me where to find it?"

She started, changed color, and began to tremble at mention of that name.

"You mean to take me there again," she cried, suspiciously.

"No, no, I do not. But a man is shut up there who is as sane as I am; and I want to set him free. And you, *you* must help me do it."

"How can I?"

"By telling me where to find the place in question. That is all you need to do. Come, exert all the powers of your mind. I'm sure you *can* tell me if you will."

She pressed both hands hard against her brow, and after a long interval shook her head wearily.

"I can't, noble duke, I can't. It's gone from me. I can hear the wind blowing, and see the sun shining, and green grass and trees, and gravel-walks, and a high brick wall. But I don't know how to get there."

In the impatience that possessed him he shook her arm almost roughly.

"Think again!" he exclaimed. "God will never forgive us if we leave that man to languish in his prison. Oh, think again."

Mad Miriam knitted her brow, and began absently to stroke down the folds of her faded silk dress. At last a light broke over her face.

"I can't tell you," she cried, suddenly. "But I think I could guide you there."

This plan had never occurred to Victor. He started and turned pale—there was something so daring and defiant about it. But he could see no other way out of the maze of difficulties that surrounded him.

"Very well," he said, after a moment's thinking. "You shall guide me there."

"Now—to-night?"

He looked at his watch. The hands pointed to a quarter of six. "Yes, to-night," he answered, for he dared not risk delay. "Get ready as quickly as possible, and I will join you."

The moment he ceased speaking he passed on rapidly to the apartment where the desk was now to be found. So sure did he feel of there coming upon the proof of Miles's identity that he sought, that he had made nothing conditional whatever with the mad woman.

The room was vacant of human presence. He went straight up to the desk, his heart thumping audibly, a strange feeling of dread creeping among the roots of his hair. He thrust the key in the lock, and slowly turned it.

It seemed as if an age elapsed before he was ready to raise the lid. But he raised it at last. In doing this, his sleeve caught in the carved work of the interior, which was pretty fully occupied with small compartments for stowing away papers and valuables.

He twitched his arm away angrily. A sharp, clicking sound became audible at the same instant, and a secret drawer flew out with a jerk.

In it were two or three miniatures, and a folded paper. He took up the paper and opened it. Then his eyes instantly became riveted upon the writing before him, on the paper, as if glued there.

He read one sentence, no more. He could get no further. There he sat, breathless, silent, expectant, trying to take in the full import of that wonderful sentence before he read further.

Suddenly, and without warning of any sort, a hand was stretched before his eyes and clutched hold of the paper.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A TROUSSEAU FOR A LADY.

The following *trousseau*, says Demorest, was ordered by a wealthy gentleman for his bride, a poor, but very deserving and beautiful young girl:—

A bridal dress of white satin and point lace	$350
Three walking suits, two silk, one Irish poplin, average	$150—$450
Six evening and dinner dresses of silk, lace, and silk muslin, average	$200—$1,200
A pattern dress of black silk, richly embroidered	$250
Three costumes, one of embroidered camel's-hair cloth, one of black embroidered cashmere, a third of Tussore silk, trimmed with white silk lace to match, and black velvet, average	$125—$375
Three elegant polonaises, one of white cloth, embroidered with white and bordered with deep chenille fringe, a second of striped silk, made *à Watteau*, third white lawn, trimmed richly with puffings and needle-work, average	$75—$225
Three double skirts, one black silk, one light gray silk, one blue silk, one white and one black lace shawl, Spanish and thread lace collarettes, guipure jacket, Valenciennes sets, and trimmings and lace barbes for bows. (The shawls of course were not point, but they were the finest *llama*)	$500
Travelling suit of soft rich silk, in two shades of gray, made with a Watteau kilt-pleated, over a silt-plaided skirt; hat, gloves, parasol to match	$250
Fine linen underclothing in sets of one dozen each, including two dressing-gowns, one white, the other pale blue; six dressing-sacks, six corset covers, three dozen hose, silk, fine Lisle thread and cotton, and three dozen handkerchiefs, including one dozen lace or embroidered	$500
Bonnets and gloves to match each suit	$125
Six fans to match dinner and evening dresses	$ 50
Bridal fan	$ 75
Walking and dress shoes	$ 75

This list foots up in the neighborhood of four thousand five hundred dollars, but does not include jewelry, false hair, and many things necessary for Summer or Winter wear. These added, and the foundation of a very pretty little fortune can be laid in a lady's trunk, and nothing very extravagant purchased either.

LIVING IN VAIN.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY BERTHA.

A fair country home as you ever have seen,
Encircled by hills, clothed in emerald green;
Here Mary, our tale's little heroine dwells,
A maiden as fair as her own native dells,
As fresh as the brook where she oft stoops to drink,
As sweet as the violets that droop o'er its brink.

Like blossoming apples is Mary's soft cheek;
Eyes, black as the berries she oft goes to seek;
Hair, glossy as corn-silk, like chestnuts in shade;
Lips, like the azaliæ in her much-loved glade.
Her lovely surroundings, in work, or in play,
Have made her strong, active, bright, healthy, and gay,
And happy too, until our chronicled day.

Her home is a cottage, old, yet white and clean,
Embowered with roses, and church-ivy green;
The inside is pretty; her feminine art,
Hides poverty's touch, and makes neat every part.
A scrap of ground kept with the greatest of care,
Gives food and some very plain garments to wear.

Grandfather, and mother, and Freddy, and she,
Though poor, were a happy and good family.
Contented was Mary, until one bright morn,
While passing a field full of ripe barley-corn,
She said, with a sigh, "But one blade of this grain
Is of more use than I; I am living in vain!

"My learning is little, experience less,
No poor, sick, nor suffering can I ever bless;
The broad field of workers for me has no place,
I am but a cipher to fill a bare space.
Each object in Nature goes on as 'twas made:
Trees grow, and give timber, or flowers, fruit, or shade;

"Plants bloom, and yield odor; each bird sings a song;
Stars light up the Heavens, a numberless throng;
The ocean waves over and over do flow;
The cloud is oft brightened by God's covenant bow;
The sun sets and rises, again and again;
In its proper time falls the dew, hail, snow, or rain;

"Each does its own work in the right time and place.
But what do I render my God for his grace?
Oh, yes! I must own, though with feelings of pain,
My life is a I useless! I'm living in vain!"
A sad frame of mind was hers all of that day,
Yet deftly she did every task in her way.

"Dear Mary," said mother, "how neatly you work,
Ten fairies must surely in your fingers lurk!"
Fred usually left his effects a strange sight,
Yet ever he found them arrayed, and all right.
"Well, sister," said he, "I can't tell what I'd do,
To find all I needed, if I hadn't you."

If grandfather wanted to walk or to rest,
His wishes were answered, almost ere expressed.
He said, "None like May could my comfort prepare,
None like her could give me my slippers and chair;
None else would so willingly use hands and feet,
'Tis Mary that helps make my old age so sweet."

A new thought struck Mary. "All praised me today—
I'm useful, perhaps, in a poor, humble way;
But yet that is not what I'm longing to do,
I want a great mission, grand, noble, and true."

You see Mary's error: she thought noble deeds
Were such as in stories of heroes one reads,
And not household duties, done cheerful and well,
And many small things of which fame does not tell.

She sits on the grass, in her favorite nook,
Her eager eyes scanning a great poet's book.
She reads these words slowly:

"No stream from its source,
Flows seaward, how lonely soever its course,
But some hand is gladdened. No star ever rose
And set without influence somewhere. Who knows
What earth needs from earth's lowest creature?"

She rose,
Exclaiming, "I see the Lord needs me! Quite plain
This shows me that I am not living in vain!
If I do my best, with my heart, soul, and might,
The Lord asks no more from me; I have done right."

That evening she sat, when her labors were o'er,
By grandfather's side, in the woodbine-draped door.
He looked toward the West, at the fast-sinking sun,
And murmured, "My evening of life has begun!
Oh, Mary, child! when your life's sun has gone down,
May you, with the blest wear an unfading crown.
Oh, never forget the great charge you must keep,
Be watchful; the enemy works while you sleep."

That night as her head on her pillow she lay,
Our Mary recalled the events of the day—
"Oh, never," thought she, "never let me complain
There's no work for me, and I'm living in vain!
The praises of all, showed me I'm useful here;
That poetry, too, made my duty more clear.

"And grandfather told me a higher work still
It is to submit myself to the Lord's will;
To live to His glory, to fight against sin,
To keep my soul pure, like eternal to win,
And make myself worthy to praise God on high:
No one has a mission more noble than I!"

HOW THE SHIP CAME IN.

BY RUPERT GRAHAME.

"Well, Meg, I agreed to take a lodger today for the summer, so you'd best bestir yourself and get the room up-stairs ready. He'll be along by afternoon sometime, I expect."

"Who is it, father?"

"Oh, one of these painter chaps. I met him down at the shore, and he told me he had taken a fancy to our place because it was perched up high. A civil enough fellow, and plenty of money in his pocket, I'll warrant."

"Then he'll be very badly off here; there's nothing like what he's used to," said the girl.

"Never you mind about that. He's got a notion of coming, and I mean to have him; it'll pay. So get the room ready, d'ye hear?"

She nodded a half-sullen assent, and the man strode briskly out of the door of the little cottage, near which he had been standing while they talked, and soon disappeared below the brow of the hill on which the house stood. They had just breakfasted, and the meal, as were most of their meals, had been eaten in silence, almost gloomily. It had only been at the very end of it that he had chosen to make the brief announcement that has just been recorded. That was all he thought needful to say—that he had agreed to take a lodger, and that he might be looked for before nightfall. No word of consultation, no pleasant common-place phrase about her extra work or trouble. Why should he do more than he had always done?

His daughter had never been to him while little anything but a burden and nuisance; since she had been old enough, a mere drudge. He was not brutal to her in the coarser and more material ways. He never struck her, or stinted her of food; he was, even in his gruff way, liberal to her, and had she chosen, she could have had as good clothes as any girl in the neighboring village of Kempton. But she did not seem to care for fine clothes, or indeed for anything. They lived a few miles from the village, and almost directly on the sea, in a little cottage perched upon a bleak cliff, isolated rather by its position than distance. Jacob Anderson combined a sort of rough farming with the occupations of fisherman and boatman, and between them managed to make his living. He and his daughter were not popular among their neighbors. When his wife had died, soon after his settlement there, and left this little girl toddling about, the women folk of the vicinity had made kindly offers of help to the lonely man in rearing his little one; but he was gruff and ungracious, and the child seemed even then to partake of his unsociable nature. So the lukewarm, mechanical interest that a motherless child had naturally awakened died away, and Anderson and his little girl were left to themselves.

When little Meg grew up into womanhood, and took charge of the house, her duties as purchaser and provider occasionally led her into the little village. Some of the older women, who remembered her mother's pale face and had daughters of their own, sought to draw her into their little circle, and in their way would have been kind to her; but she had in no way responded to their advances, but rather rebuffed them, which was not hard to do. She was neither pretty nor attractive, nor the sort of creature to whom the world naturally pays court, so they let her drop again.

"A disagreeable girl," the neighbors said; "she might go her own way if she liked." So she did.

There was nothing very strange about Meg Anderson, nothing very original; and had she been born to a different lot, no one would have called her remarkable, perhaps, but some one would have loved her, and she would certainly not have been called disagreeable. She was only a very sensitive, reserved woman, with a capacity for deep feeling; with quick, delicate perceptions and fine ways of feeling things, that would have made a very pretty feminine critic of her had she been cultivated; with an innate love of refinement and susceptibility to sensuous impressions, such as we often see combined in the upper class of society, and which make a woman attractive and lovable, but in no way remarkable. But Meg's life had been negative in its education, and for the most part had consisted of suppression rather than development; so that the germs that would have blossomed into the delicate, fragrant flowers of refinement and quick, sensitive appreciation, were stunted and dwarfed into a sort of sullen reserve and brooding, half-conscious discontent. It was only that most common of all stories, the wrong person in the wrong place; so common that one scarcely notes the instances of it save when these gifts cry out and make the pity of it evident and vivid to us as we pass by.

Poor little Meg! She had never known any one better than, or indeed any one so good as herself in any way; and the two men, her father and one other, with whom she had come into as close a contact as her nature permitted, were not only her inferiors, but of a different kind. Their thoughts were not her thoughts, nor their feelings her feelings. To say that she lived in a world apart would scarcely be true; it would be nearer the truth to say that she lived dimly conscious that there was a world somewhere in which she would be more at home than in the one which seemed to contain all she was likely to know of human nature; for this other man, Bill Foster, was likely to marry her. In his rough way, coarsely and soullessly, he liked her well; had said as much to her father; and her father had signified to her once or twice that some day or other Bill Foster would ask her to be his wife, and he, Jacob Anderson, expected her to say "Yes." And she, why should she not? She was habitually and mechanically obedient to her father; and then, too, Bill's clumsy kindness and uncouth liking for her were the best things she had ever had, the only gifts of any kind she had ever received from any human being; and in what does life's sweetness lie save in giving and receiving gifts? She was indeed of that better stuff that finds its dearest joy in spending and being spent, rather than in accepting and adding together sums of love. But no one had ever made her love him or even drawn her toward him. She was unconsciously fastidious and sensitive, as I have said before, and this protected her from the superficial likings she might otherwise have felt for the rosy-faced girls who met her on the roadside with a pleasant greeting, or the stout young fellows who once or twice had tried, from sheer manliness, seeing her carrying a heavy basket, to get her to let them "take it up the hill."

Like a good many of her more favored sisters, her heart was guarded by an outwork—no mean one—of fancy and fastidiousness, a slight but impenetrable veil between her and the coarse rustics about her. She looked sullen and downcast on this bright Summer morning as she turned slowly to the work of clearing away the breakfast things. A lodger—that meant more work and harder, and, worse than that, it meant a stranger who would think himself better than her, better than her father; who would make her feel as she had felt once when she had been strolling on the shore, whither she loved to go when the day's work was done, for she had a genuine though unconscious love of nature, and a party of fine ladies and gentlemen came ashore from a little tug-boat, a yacht her father had called it, anchored off the cliff. She had watched them, quite near too—so near that the sound of their voices and laughter reached her—and once or twice she heard their words plainly.

They were so different from the country people she lived among—looked and moved and spoke differently. They had not noticed her; she looked like the rest of the people they had seen that day, poor and plain, and she had no beauty or grace to shine through her ugly clothes and lift her above the need of style or ornament. And yet she had felt that day, for the first time in her life clearly, that she was not really different from those young girls; that she could have learned to speak and move as they did. As she listened to their voices she had heard one of them say, looking up at the little cottage, "I suppose some one lives there who has always lived there and always will. It would be like being buried alive to *me*." And then the gentle man to whom it was said had answered, "Oh yes, of course, to *you*; but, my dear Miss Willoughby, the people who live there are not like you." That was all she had heard, but it had made her bitter then, and now when she remembered it her heart hardened against this stranger, who was one of their kind and would feel as that man had done. Well, she must go to work, and so she did soon, and there was enough to do to take her all day. The sun was sinking in the west, and she had not yet carried up the pail of water that would put the last touch to the lodger's room. There was a common pitcher and basin in the room, and she had filled the pitcher, and then some notion came to her that he would want more water than one pitcherful. "These fine folks are so particular," she said to herself, and ran down with the pail to the pump again. She soon pumped it full, and stooped to lift it; as she did so, her hair, which had loosened during the day's work and was now held up but by a single pin, tumbled down over her shoulders in a heavy mass of golden-brown ripple and curl. It was her only beauty, and she did not even know that it was beautiful. She uttered an impatient exclamation, tried to toss it back off her face as she held the bucket in both hands, and then was constrained to set the pail down again while she gathered her unruly tresses hurriedly together and bound them, with a sigh of real weariness. She stooped again, it was a heavy lift, and she had worked hard all day. As she did so a shadow fell across the path and a voice beside her said, "Let me carry that in for you; it's heavy, and you are tired." She started and grew a deep red when she saw who it was that had spoken—beyond doubt the lodger, a young man of eight and twenty, self-possessed, handsome, and with a sweet, cultivated voice.

Her answer came at once, "It's not heavy, thank you, and I'm used to it," ungracious and brusque; then she lifted the pail with a steady hand, and carried it quickly into the house and up-stairs. All the fatigue seemed gone; she was strong up at once. How she hated him, as she had felt sure she would do! In a moment down she came, saying—

"You are the lodger, I suppose?"

"Yes," he said, smiling, "and my name is Arthur Middleton."

"I will show you your room," she said in her usual, cold, dry way. He followed her, and was shown his room. When he came down, a little while after, he found Jake Anderson smoking a pipe on the door-step, the table set for tea within, and in a few moments more was bidden by Anderson "to sit down and have his supper. There was no use waiting for the girl; she'd gone to the shore with Bill Foster, to see him off on on a trip."

Middleton obeyed orders, inferring from Anderson's tone that it was a good-bye *tête-à-tête* with a lover, and said as much in a pleasant way to the man, as they sat together over the table.

He was answered by a grim smile, and "Well, I don't know about love or lovers. The girl hasn't heard much about that sort of thing, nor won't. Bill wants to marry her, and she'll have him, in course. What's to hinder? *I* call her uncommon lucky."

"Queer people," thought Middleton. "The father thinks it quite natural to erase the word 'love' out of his daughter's vocabulary, and the daughter treats a common courtesy as if it were an uncommon impertinence. Well, I didn't come here to study human nature, but the ocean." And with this soothing reflection he went placidly to bed, and was soon asleep. Would he have laughed or wondered most had he heard what the girl was saying to her companion as they paced up and down the sand, in the moonlight? What ailed her to-night? Bill thought, as he looked at her, "that she was growin' pretty, after all." Her cheeks were flushed, and her eyes glittered.

"Yes, I will marry you," she had just said in answer to the question which he had put at last; "and when will you be back from this trip?"

"Well, I don't know," said Bill; "maybe a month or six weeks; but I'll be back all right. I'm not the fellow to go back on a girl, Meg;" and he smiled in a complacent way, for he attributed her excitement to delight at his declaration, and the thought tickled his rough hide amazingly. "You see, Meg," he said, after a minute's pause, "I thought I'd better speak to-night, for somehow it came to my mind that this strange chap your father's brought home might—" He hesitated, for she had stopped dead short in her walk, and was looking at him, both her eyes blazing. "Don't look that way. I didn't mean any harm, but he's a good-looking fellow, and I've heard that these gentlemen are very taking with girls, and I thought if I didn't speak, perhaps you'd take a fancy to him, and like him better than me."

"See here, Bill," said the girl, "I don't suppose you could know, but I *hate* that man, and all of his class. You're worth a hundred of him, and you're not too good for me, either. I hate him! Do you hear? I don't know why father ever brought him home."

"Why," said Bill, with a puzzled look, "what's the matter with the girl? He warn't uncivil to you, was he? Because, if he was—" and the big fellow clenched his fist.

"No, no," said Meg hastily, "how could he be? Only—I hate those white-handed, soft-voiced gentlemen that think themselves so much our betters; and then he gives more trouble and work."

"Well, I don't think he'll stay more than a month; and anyway, I don't mind saying, Meg, it's a relief to my mind that you don't take to him. Girls are so apt to fancy that kind of chap."

"Don't let us talk of him, Bill," she said, almost pleadingly. "What could there be between him and me but dislike? We are not the same kind. Now you and I, Bill, belong to the same class, and suit each other. We've been bred alike. And you'll be back in a month's time, if all goes well?"

Her words were incoherent and her manner excited. "No wonder," thought Bill; "why, I don't suppose any man but me ever spoke a word of courting to her before." And again a strong sense of gratified vanity crept through his big frame, and as he gave her a strong, warm hug, and said "Good-bye," he had the real sense of absolute ownership of her, which is the sweetest and dearest sensation a man of his type ever feels in his relation to a woman.

CHAPTER II.

Arthur Middleton had come down to this out-of-the-way place for two things: to sketch from nature, and to kill time during a period of probation which lay before him. It was only two months now, but it looked long, and the young man's mood made society distasteful to him. He wanted to dream, which is always better done alone, and so he had determined on this trip. He had never had but one strong feeling in his life, and that was his love for his cousin Helen Featherstone. It had grown up with him, and seemed to be rooted deep in his heart. He was not a man of much strength of will or decision of purpose, but he had always since his boyhood known his own mind about this one thing, and had persisted in his devotion to his cousin with a force and consistency that did not seem part of his character. She was intellectually his superior, and, being a woman of remarkable energy and will, was stronger than he was, except on this one point. She could have made him change his mind about anything but this; and so, after several years of determined, persistent waiting on his part, he had so far succeeded as to gain a promise from her to consider the matter that Summer. She was to spend three months in Europe, and they had agreed that should she have decided in his favor he should know it by a line written before the arrival of the steamer and mailed to him at once when she reached the dock. One month had gone already, and after having struggled through it between Saratoga and Newport, Middleton had decided that he would face the two that remained alone with his thoughts and his pencil. He was a clever sketcher, amateur to the core. No genuine artist drop in his blood, but fond of nature, especially of the ocean, and always capable of amusing himself with a sketch-book.

A gentleman every inch of him. He was also one of those people who, if they had lived under the hot-house process of the middle ages, would have turned out propagandists and inquisitors; a little later, philanthropists, and prison reformers. Living as he did at the present day, he was just a little apt to try to model and mould and influence any one with whom he was thrown in contact for a time. He could do anything for any one except let him alone. It was one of the standing grievances of his cousin Helen, who cared for nothing in life so much as not being interfered with. "You were meant for a schoolmaster, Arthur," she would say, "or a nursery gardener, and then you could train and shape and turn to your heart's content." He could be unselfish and generous without an effort, but he could not resist this impulse to meddle in other people's lives; and it must be admitted he did it well. Most people were really influenced by him, and for their good. He taught a great many people to like what they had disliked, and to do what they would have left undone. It was only a wilful, wayward, self-dependent nature, like his cousin's, that at the first hint of a bridle kicked up its heels in his face and galloped disdainfully away.

What could be more natural than the desire which came into his rather unoccupied mind, as he stood smoking in the sunlight, to improve, soften this rather uncivilized girl, who had cut him short the night before? Perhaps Arthur was a little bit of a prig—the word must be spoken. Are not all reformers more or less prigs? It's the visible sign of their human infirmity, and he was quite too full of good intentions for it not to be readily forgiven him. His vanity after all was not of the ordinary coarse, cruel, masculine type. It never would have occurred to him to make Meg Anderson the subject of an idyl in which he and she played the principal parts. All he ever dreamed of was to drop upon her a gentle shower of æsthetical refinements and courtesies till she melted, and then develop her intelligence, improve her manners, and get her to do justice to that beautiful hair which his eye, quick to see the beauty of color, had been struck by as it fell over her shoulders the evening before. Like all kindly vain people, Arthur firmly believed in the elevation of the lower classes, and that it was to be altogether effected by personal influence. But let the story tell itself. While Arthur was smoking his cigar on the steps of the little cottage, with a sense of quiet enjoyment in the beauty of the scene before him and in his isolation from the outer world of human beings, Meg was going through the morning's work within doors. She had left his room to the last, and when she entered it, it was with a sort of shrinking feeling. The sight of his numberless little toilet appurtenances—of things many of which she had to guess or imagine the use—of the personal elegance and exquisiteness which he had brought into the room, excited in her a feeling of mingled scorn and wonder. She resented intensely that he, a man, should be on a height of attractiveness and refinement of which she had only dreamed. And she had a dim glimpse of the possibilities of pleasure and delight wrapped up in superficial, sensuous enjoyment, of which her life had known hitherto so little that the first perception of it was like a flash of scarlet to a man born blind, whose eyesight had been given to him. She could not touch his ivory boxes, brushes, and flacons without doing it daintily, with a sense of involuntary pleasure. And yet she felt a wayward, sudden impulse to dash them on the floor. She accomplished her task and went down-stairs. Arthur had settled himself to sketch just outside the door, under a solitary tree, the only one in the immediate neighborhood. She looked at him as he sat there, his fair hair shining in the sunlight, his delicate aristocratic profile bent over his work, everything about him eloquent of culture and refinement, and she felt a sickened sense of longing and pain come over her. As he raised his head and saw her averted look, her attitude expressive only of sullen indifference, nothing of the truth came to him; only was roused in him the desire of success and the impulse to combat that is always born of opposition and a sense of antagonism. Arthur's vanity, which played no mean part in his life, did he but know it, awakened to the contest.

"I wish you would look at this," he said, rising and coming toward her; "I've been working at it for an hour, trying to elaborate the first sketch which I took yesterday on the shore below. It was like it *then*. I don't know whether you know the spot, just where the turn comes in the shore and the cliff rises abruptly."

"Know it?" At least she knew the ocean, but why did he ask her? To mock her? Did he not know that she had never seen a sketch before? It was like a miracle to her. She had heard of such things as drawings, but she had never seen any one before with a pencil in his hand.

"Yes, I know the place, but I don't know anything about pictures."

"Then you're just the critic for such a sketch. Is it like, Miss Anderson, frankly now?" His laughing blue eyes looked into hers as much as to say, "Come now, a civil answer I will have."

She hardened herself. "I will not amuse him," she thought, and straightway—"I don't think this looks like the cove; the rocks are not the right color."

"What's wrong with the color?" said he, calmly, quite unannoyed. "Too gray? Yes, that is just it; I could not make it out. Is it red or purple that will make it all right?" He paused and waited.

"Purple, I think," she said, interested in spite of herself.

He mixed a little color on his palette and reseated himself to make the suggested alteration. Five minutes went by, and he lifted his head for the first time and turned to see the effect. "How will that do?" was trembling on his lips. She was not there. She had gone back into the house as he had begun to work, and now he caught a glimpse of her slight figure flitting about within. He was really annoyed for a moment. He had worked, feeling as if her eyes were watching every touch of his brush, and stimulated by this imagined consciousness. It was too bad! But in a moment more he reflected that nothing like courtesy could be reasonably expected from her, and smiling to himself he sat down again before his sketch, weaving plans of conquest the while.

In this way more than a week went by, he losing no opportunity of making his points, and meeting with constant rebuffs and ungraciousness. But beneath the surface she was melting fast. Little did Arthur Middleton dream what a spell his mere presence wrought upon this poor girl. He was like a young divinity in her eyes. She might in her heart hesitate to acknowledge him as such, but only for a moment; in a nature like hers there is but a step between the recognition of its object of worship and the prostration before it. He offered her books and showed her sketches. She refused these, and turned away after a careless glance from those. Still he went on, half irritated, half amused, and quite absorbed in the accomplishment of his object. Her defences were soon undermined, and at last nothing remained but the merest crust of opposition. Still that crust was impenetrable, and Arthur began to despair of ever taming this savage, when a fortunate trifle did the work that his most ingenious efforts had hitherto failed to accomplish. One morning soon after his arrival he had been standing at the door snuffing the morning air, and, seeing her within a few steps of him, he said, "It seems absurd, but do you know, I can smell orange blossoms in the air." It was part of his system always to address her as his equal, and with a sort of assumption that she would sympathize with and understand whatever he might say. This she invariably met with a blank want of comprehension, which did not daunt him however. So on this occasion she had said abruptly:

"I never smelt an orange blossom."

"What! but it is not strange, because you have never been where they can be had, I suppose. Well, they have a whole South in their fragrance."

"I am not used to perfumes. I don't believe I should like them."

"Possibly not, but I think you would;" and then the conversation had been broken off by Jake's announcing that the boat was ready for Mr. Middleton.

About a week after, a tiny box came among Mr. Middleton's packages from the village. He smiled to himself and took it up-stairs with his letters. An hour afterward, when the sun was setting, he came down-stairs and looked about for Meg; she was sitting on a low stool, with some coarse sewing in in her lap, by a window opening toward the west; her beautiful hair was alive with the light which flooded it from the dying sun, and she made a picturesque if not a pretty picture, as he stood and looked at her. She had not heard his step, and started as he came forward and laid something in her lap.

"I have brought you an odor from the South," he said; "tell me now what you think of orange blossoms." She opened the little paper box, and the wonderful scent, heavy with sweetness, rose up and filled her with a sense of delight. All the faint, delicate suspicions of fragrance which were all that the few wild flowers she had ever gathered could tell her of that supreme dower of flowers' odor, seemed cold and poor and empty compared with the intoxicating delight which emanated from these thick creamy petals.

"Did you get them for me?" she said, flushed with pleasure, her reserve swept away.

"Yes, I wrote for them; it was only confiscating the product of a certain greenhouse I knew of, and I wanted you to smell them once."

"Thank you, you are very kind;" and then she put them up to her face again and drank in long draughts of their sweetness.

"They will retain their color a long while," he said; "I have had them sent in a letter from the South, and the flower and letter too were full of fragrance for weeks after."

She did not speak, and then a moment more and she broke quite down.

"I have been very rude to you," she said; "I am sorry—and you have been so kind; but you cannot know how hard it is to be made to feel as you make me feel without knowing it. I must tell you how it is," she went on, as she met his look of surprise and remonstrance. "It is not your fault, I know that, for only to look at you makes me bitter and miserable; and how should you be to blame? You see it is somehow this way: I'm not clever or beautiful, but I've got something in me that keeps me from taking kindly to the folks about here; and when I see a gentleman or a lady coming from the world you live in, I have a sort of feeling come over me that I could have been like them if I had been bred to it. I hate it all so here, and yet I shall never make a different life for myself. I'm not one of those that can bend things and make a path for themselves. I can only grow where I've been planted; and yet I know, oh, I know that I would have blossomed and bloomed into a different creature if I had breathed a different air. I think the ocean is the only thing I love, the only thing I have to turn to. You see how life is here, how hard and mean and bare it is, and when you came you made me feel as if I had stood always without a high wall; that suddenly a door had opened and I saw a paradise within and yet I could not enter. You have made me realize what the world might be—*is* to some people—and it has made me bitter and unjust; but I will not be so any longer. I will ask your forgiveness for my rude ways, and you will grant it?"

"Surely, surely, if you wish it; but what you have said only makes me sorry and fills me with a desire to give you pleasure—to put more things like this into your life," touching the flowers in her lap. "Do you understand?"

"More perfume?" she said, smiling sadly through her tears.

"Yes perfume and color. You don't understand French, do you?" murmuring to himself, "*Tout ce qui embaume, chante et rayonne.*"

"No, but I like the sound of those words."

"Well, the sound and meaning are in harmony. But, putting French aside, I wish you would let me teach you a little bit of drawing, and I have some books here—"

"Do you think I could learn to draw?"

"Certainly, why not? You have such a good eye, I am almost sure you could. You were quite right about the fault in my sketch the other day; and then you shall repay me for my instructions by letting me make a study of the color of your hair."

"My hair?" she said, coloring with surprise and pleasure.

"Yes, it is such a peculiar and exquisite shade. Did no one ever tell you so before?"

"No one," she said, almost to herself. It was the first grain of incense any man had ever burned before her; the orange blossoms had intoxicated her senses with their odor, but the perfume of homage rose in a cloud, and rolled over her soul. How delicious it was to her.

They talked on until the last rays of the sun had disappeared and nothing was left but a lingering glow; then came supper, and Meg set about her work with a buoyancy of heart and lightness of step most unwonted. The days were changed from that hour, and seemed all sunshine. In every way Arthur contributed pleasure and joy to Meg's life; he was astride his pet hobby and was riding it at a gallop. He taught her a little drawing and showed her the contents of his portfolios; he lent her books—books that one did not have to be wise to enjoy, but which opened up vistas of thought and feeling to her hitherto fast closed; he brought, by his daily courtesy and graciousness, a world of beauty into her life; she learned to look at herself as a woman as well as a female, as a creature with sensations and ideas as well as hands and feet. The orange blossom, without his intending it, was a type of what he did for her. She looked at nature through his eyes, through the media of cultivation and taste, and so it became transfigured to her. Dear as the rocks and the sea had always been, they were dearer now than ever. Together they explored the rugged coast, sometimes on foot, sometimes in a small sail boat which she managed to perfection, thereby winning many compliments from Middleton. He enjoyed it all immensely; it was just the distraction which he had desired, and he embraced it eagerly. He was full of plans for Meg's future improvement and pleasure, plans at which he vaguely hinted, but of which he did not speak definitely. He was proud of his success; he was pleased with himself and interested in her, and for him the days glided rapidly by until the end of his third and last month loomed up before him. And what was the summer's work on her? Far other and different. What to him was an episode was to her the beginning of life; what was but a ripple on his surface had stirred her depths profoundly. He was clothed with a glory and power not his own individual possession but, "the heir of all the ages," he seemed to her the embodiment of all her dreams and longings. She never stopped to think or struggle again after he had brought her the flowers; she simply lived as she had never lived before, enjoying every moment, alive at every pore, drinking greedily from the cup he held to her lips and growing thirstier at every draught, content with the present—more than content, unmindful of the future and forgetful of the past.

The late August days had come, with their gorgeous hues of sea and sky, and on the afternoon of one of them Arthur Middleton was leaning against the doorpost of the cottage watching the sun sink over the ocean. The line of light across the tossing water seemed to lead his thoughts along it, and he strained his eyes till it was lost in the distance and he himself lost in a revery.

"What are you thinking of, Mr. Middleton?" said Meg timidly. She had been watching him for several minutes, and he had not been conscious of her scrutiny. Her voice broke the spell. He started and said dreamily, "I was thinking of my ship, wondering when it would come in."

Meg had but one idea connected with the phrase, the usual one. She had often heard it, and always with but one meaning attached thereto, that of some hoped-for and rather improbable ingress of material prosperity. She was but little used to hearing common phrases caught up and invested with a significance not their own—a practice which with some educated and all reserved people is a common one, possessing as it does the charm of allowing them, as it were, to express their emotions slightly disguised and veiled. So when Middleton said, "I am thinking of my ship," her thoughts straightway went to material matters, and she wondered in what way or how his fortunes were uncertain. Presently she said abruptly, "Do you care very much for money?"

"No," he said, laughing at the earnestness of her question—"not as much as I should probably if I had less of it." The accidental coincidence of his answer with her thoughts confirmed the first impression she had taken as to the subject of his musings.

A sort of restlessness seemed to come over Mr. Middleton in the next few days, and he was scarcely ever in-doors, roaming for hours with his sketch-book, and then coming home, its pages all untouched and blank. On the fourth day after the incident just told, he came in after a long solitary tramp and found the cottage empty of its inmates. He had promised to walk with Meg to the village, and had forgotten all about it until the sight of the deserted room recalled it to him. He looked at his watch. She must have been gone an hour. He would start at once and meet her returning. But as he picked up his hat from the table, his eye fell on a letter lying there addressed to himself. His cheeks flushed as he grasped the letter, whose handwriting he could not mistake. A mist rose before his eyes for one moment, and his fingers trembled over the seal; then he pressed his lips firmly together and tore the letter open. There were but a few lines:

"The vessel is almost in, Arthur, as I write these words, and I have only time to say, I have come back—*to you*. We go at once to the Tremont House. H. F."

The rush of joy and the relief from the prolonged suspense of three months quite unmanned him, and he fairly sobbed with emotion, but it was only for a moment. The next came the happy, practical element that belongs to success. He need no longer dream away his hours; he could act. He must go to her at once—just in time to reach the village and catch the evening boat; his baggage might follow. He had soon written a few words to Anderson, giving his directions, and then what more? Meg—he must not forget her. "How she will miss me, poor little girl," he said to himself. "I must say some word to her;" and drawing a sheet of paper toward him, he wrote on it:

"My ship has come in, and I have gone to meet it. You shall hear from me soon.

"A. M."

In a few seconds more it was addressed to "Miss Margaret Anderson," in his clear, round hand, and then he was out of the house, striding rapidly toward his goal. Each step seemed to be one step nearer to Helen, for the road between them now was straight and plain. By dint of taking a cross cut he reached the village, and barely caught the boat, springing on the plank one moment before it was withdrawn. In a few moments more he was standing on the deck, his eyes riveted not on the fast receding shore, upon which the shadows of evening were sinking fast, but on the dashing white foam, yet alive with the dying sun, through which the boat was fast cleaving her way. The past had already shrunk to a speck in his mind's eye; the future was luminous with light, and he was happy with the happy egotism of a successful lover. When he lay down to rest that night, his thoughts went back to the little cottage on the cliff, and with a kindly, superficial thought of "poor little Meg," and a hearty intention of seeing what could be done for her—"It's a shame she should be buried there, I'm glad I made this summer pleasant to her"—he fell asleep, still conscious in his golden dreams that he was speeding fast toward the desire of his heart.

Meg had a weary walk that afternoon. She had waited more than an hour for Middleton, and then started alone perforce, for the errand must be done, with or without him. Every one knows how it tires one to wait as she waited that hour, with her eyes and ears on the alert, and her heart alternately leaping as she fancied she heard his step, and then dropping down like lead in her bosom. Nor was it much better when she began her reluctant progress toward the village. A hundred times she stopped and listened, and thought, "Perhaps if I had waited a minute longer he would have come!" and then went on again, each step making her heart heavier and her body wearier. At last the village was reached, her purchases all made, and with a heavy basket on her arm she turned homeward. She was in that state of feeling when it seems a relief to add outward annoyance and even pain to one's inward burden; and she had obstinately refused to have the heaviest of her packages sent to her, but had doggedly packed them into her basket, feeling as if the aching of her arm and the weary tug up the hill would soothe the half-sick, half-resentful throb of her heart. It was a long walk, and she walked slowly, and stopped more than once for a moment's rest, so that the darkness had fallen when she reached her home. There was no light in the little window, and she wondered how it was; surely Mr. Middleton could not still be out? A vague fear shot through her, and she hurried over the few remaining steps and entered the door. All was still and dark within, and she groped for the matches and struck a light. No one was there, that was evident. She did not stop to think, but ran up the steep stairs and gave a quick glance at Mr. Middleton's chamber door. It was wide open, and dark within. She came down the stairs more slowly, and set her light down upon the table. Its flicker fell upon a letter, and she saw her own name on it. She knew his writing very well. She sat down and opened it. It did not take her long to read the few words Arthur had written, but it was a long time before she moved or raised her head. In truth, she was almost stunned; the weary waiting and disappointment, the long, lonely walk, had not fitted her to encounter the shock of Arthur's sudden departure. But unwittingly he had chosen the very words best calculated to prevent her from arriving at that instinctive solution of his flight which otherwise, she being a woman, would have at once occurred to her. The words which to him were a figure of speech, to her still suggested some material reverse or success of fortune, perhaps the more readily as, a sailor's daughter, she had always connected the idea of worldly gain or loss with ships. So, as she pondered his words, nothing of their true meaning dawned on her, and soon her pain resolved itself into the simple ache of absence; the idea of this being the end never occurred to her. Indeed, the more she mused over his words the greater comfort did she draw from them. She had heard of men in cities losing or making fortunes in an hour's time; and he had been forced to go at once—what could be plainer? She had come in almost dazed with fatigue, and, after the first sharp pang at not finding him there, it would have required a direct thrust to make plain to her the true meaning of his sudden leave-taking. So she sat there alone for a long while, and when at last she went to bed, although she was conscious of a dull sense of pain, she slept, and slept heavily and tranquilly. But the end was not long in coming.

A week had gone by from the night when Meg had come home to find Arthur gone, and Jake Anderson climbed the hill toward supper-time with a letter in his pocket for his daughter. He had been but little at home that summer, except for his meals, and had taken no note of the change that Middleton's presence and influence had worked in Meg's life. Once or twice, indeed, he had found her reading a book, and growled out his disapprobation; but on the whole, he had been well pleased with her of late. Happiness had sweetened her. Life had seemed so much easier to deal with since Arthur had entered it; she found her work less irksome, and shouldered her daily burdens more easily. And Anderson had turned a pretty penny by his lodger, too, which was by no means a small matter in his eyes. It would enable him to indulge in a sort of mental hibernation during the coming winter, a state which he specially affected, of which the characteristic symptoms were sitting over the fire for hours, and drinking much whisky. Meg's listlessness and moodiness were unperceived by him. If she had meddled the coffee or made the bread sour, he would have said at once, "What ails the girl?" but as Meg did her work as usual, he saw nothing. So on this evening he ate his supper leisurely, and as usual in silence, and then fished deliberately into his greatcoat pocket and produced the letter. "Here, Meg, I got this out of the post-office for you: and Bill Foster's back, and will be here to-morrow."

It was not difficult for Meg Anderson to take the letter from her father without a sign of emotion. Indeed, the effort would have been rather to evince feeling than to repress it. Such things are so much matters of habit, and the habit of her life had been silence. She put it in her pocket and went about her work. Her father sat by the fire and smoked, and once said, "Why don't you read your letter?"

"You know I'm slow at reading handwriting, and it's best for me to wait till I've time," she answered.

He said no more, but, after knocking the ashes out of his pipe, yawned once or twice portentously, and then bade her a gruff good-night. Then, when he had gone and she was alone, she waited no longer, but sat down by the dim lamp and read Arthur Middleton's letter. It began:

"You must have wondered, my dear Meg, over my abrupt disappearance and my enigmatical note. I could not speak more plainly then. Now I may, and I assure you I have chosen you among the first to hear that the desire of my life is fulfilled. I have won the love of my cousin, Miss Helen Featherstone." [Then followed a superficial sketch of his plans and a great many kindly phrases and assurances of remembrance, and hopes that he should some day meet her again, ending with his best wishes for her future and] "I shall never forget how pleasant you made my Summer of waiting, and I am always truly your friend, ARTHUR MIDDLETON."

That was all; although the letter was not short, still virtually there was nothing in it but a great deal of kind feeling and graciousness. Arthur had meant indeed when he wrote this letter to communicate some definite plan for Meg's future, but he had counted upon his cousin to construct such a plan; and when he had once met her, somehow the quiet little creature who had been the only human interest in his Summer was so dwarfed by her juxtaposition to this giant feeling of his life, that no time seemed appropriate, no impulse moved him to introduce her name. Her individuality faded almost at once into a dim, pleasant memory, and Arthur was too happy to be anything but absorbed and egotistical.

Meg sat long over the fire after she had read Arthur's letter through twice. She did not cry over it, it gave her no violent emotion or shock; only somehow as she folded it up after the second reading, she felt a strange, dead feeling come over her—something like being extinguished, she would have said had she been used to illustrate her feelings by comparisons; and in truth life seemed to taste and look like ashes to her. Perhaps the hardest thing about the the grief of a young person—or an ignorant, untaught creature, is its one-ideaness, one-sidedness, its narrowness of vision, and consequent intensity. The youth, the future's sole inheritor, feels as if life was over, while in truth he has but stumbled on its threshold and every door is yet to open. He sees nothing beyond his immediate grief. The untutored nature sees only the side of sorrow which it feels, and has none of the noble consolation that comes from conviction born of breadth and depth of thought, that from pain of one creature springs the joy of another, and that Birth is Death's child. Poor Meg saw nothing of how it was, how it could not but be so; she only felt it. She had strayed along, not even knowing of the existence of those iron laws that now were grinding her soul to powder. To recognize their workings is always to submit to or evade them. Meg did neither; she stood ignorant and rebellious in their path, and they crushed her and went on.

It was all bitterly hard to her. She had never thought of loving. She had loved, and the knowledge that she possessed a capacity to love and suffer came with the vital agony of feeling her love eradicated as if by a sharp, keen knife, and there was no way of escape for her. The narrowness of her life shut her in; she was thrown back upon herself utterly and entirely. She was like a caged bird once set free, soaring once abroad in Heaven's light and air, and then a cruel hand breaks its wings and it is again and forever bound to earth. She had not known in what a mere dream she had been living till it was shattered. This letter seemed to turn the palace of her imagination into a hut. All her old bitterness came back like a flood; the doors Arthur had opened to her seemed to shut with a dull, inexorable sound, and a sullen darkness settled down on her soul. She was too untrained and untaught to rise above her pain, else the memory of the Summer might have remained embalmed and precious. No; she turned upon her heart's garden and trampled down its tender Spring shoots. She might have known, she said to herself, that she was not meant to be like him, and she was nothing, had never been aught to him but an amusement. He had crossed the gulf between them, and she had forgotten that when he once repassed it, it could never be bridged over. She would never think of him again. She was most miserable. Before she closed her eyes that night she had swept away all vestiges of the past from her mind, and set her face like a flint toward her old life come back. "Bill Foster would come to-morrow, and better so," she thought. He came and found Meg, when he proposed an early day, ready to be married when he pleased.

In a few weeks it was all settled, and Foster and his wife lived on with her father in the cottage on the hill. She resumed her old life, and it fared with her according to the common lot. Children were born to her; two died, and the others, four in number, lived and grew up about her. Her days were busy and monotonous, filled with work, and not exempt from anxiety and care, but still free from great suffering and not devoid of some simple pleasures. Her children loved her with a love uncommon in its tenderness and intensity, and she returned it tenfold. Her husband found her a good wife, and his will always seemed hers, save once, when he demurred to sending the two girls to school after they had learned to read and write; then she had seemed so roused and showed so undue and passionate a feeling, that he instinctively ceded the point, and it was never raised again.

When she had reached middle age, and her golden hair was almost all silver-white (it turned rapidly after she lost her two children), she took cold from some carelessness, and when the doctor came death had already set his mark upon her. "She cannot live many hours," he said to her husband and children, clustered together—a little awe-struck, sad-faced group—in the room below that in which she lay; and then he went away. There was no need to tell her that her end was near; she had felt it herself, and had more been needed to warn her, the faces of her two girls as they hung over her would have betrayed the physician's verdict.

"Meg," she said to her namesake, who was of all her children most like herself in appearance and nature, "open the top drawer of that bureau, and in the right-hand corner far back you'll find a little paper box; give it to me."

The girl did as she was bid, and the woman raised herself with her daughter's aid, and took it in her hand.

"I can't open it," she said, after a vain, feeble effort. "Undo it for me, dear."

It was soon opened, and there within it lay a few dead and shrivelled brown leaves. The tears that had never come easily, not even when her babies lay dead in her arms, sprang with hot, stinging fervor into her eyes. The dead flowers bloomed again, and the heartache of her youth seemed alive again. Long and wistfully she looked, the tears dropping fast and hot upon the brown, withered petals that had once possessed the magic power to open Paradise. They were the tears of youth, bitter and resentful—of the youth which had fled and left her only, in memory of its sweetness and anguish, these dead leaves. But soon she sank back on her pillow with a heavy sigh.

"Meg," she whispered to the girl, "keep them, and when I am dead lay them on my breast. Some one gave them to me a long while ago, when I was very happy."

"Yes, mother," said the girl softly.

"They were orange blossoms, and so sweet then. I remember just how they smelt. I haven't thought of their smell for years, but it comes back now. But, Meg, my darling, I've a kind of fancy—it seems foolish—but promise me you'll never smell an orange blossom."

"No, no, dear mother, I never will. Oh, mother, mother, don't die!" the girl cried, her arms about her mother's neck.

Meg was herself again. The past fled away, and William Foster's wife, the hard-working, middle-aged, gray-headed woman, was herself again.

"Call your father and the boys, dear," she said faintly but clearly.

The end came soon, and she died quietly and peacefully.—*Galaxy.*

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

THE GENEVA TRIBUNAL—AWARD OF THE ARBITRATORS—On the 14th of September, the Court of Arbitration, assembled at Geneva, awarded to the United States Government the sum of $15,500,000 in lieu of all claims for damages against Great Britain. The judgment for the same was signed at once by four members of the Court, as follows: The President, Count Sclopis, of Italy; Mr. Jacob Staempfli, of Switzerland, Secretary of the Board; Baron D'Itajuba, of Brazil, and Charles Francis Adams on the part of the United States. Sir Alexander Cockburn, the British member, refused to concur in the decision of the Arbitrators, and repudiates the award, except in the case of the Alabama. The only other cases adjudicated by the Board were those of the Florida and Shenandoah, the others being excluded from the arbitration. In the case of the Florida, after an extremely lengthy and technical argument by both sides, the Arbitration stood four in favor of America to one in favor of Great Britain. The case of the Shenandoah was the subject of a still closer and more elaborate legal discussion, extending over several days, and the Arbitrators at the conclusion of the argument stood three in favor of a judgment for the United States to two in favor of Great Britain. Most of the London journals rejoice over the conclusion of the Alabama claims controversy, and express the hope that the foundation has been laid for a permanent and good understanding between the two nations, now that all the necessary reparation has been made to America.

The tide of emigration from Germany to this country is so full and so strong, that the German Government has issued two circulars denouncing the movement, and menacing those intending to emigrate. The second of these circulars is described as still more threatening than the first, declaring that special surveillance has been instituted over those proposing to emigrate, and that they will be treated as "outlaws." Despite the menaces of the Government, emigration from Germany has been only slightly affected.

Thirty Chinese students, of both sexes, have arrived in San Francisco to be educated in this country. It is reported that the Chinese Government has appropriated $1,000,000 for their education, and that it intends to send thirty students to this country every year. The thirty who have just arrived are accompanied by three tutors of mandarin rank, and as the last students were "contaminated" by Christianity in this country, they are to be guarded from the "contamination" by a rigid enforcement of "all the forms of the religion of Confucius."

Charles XV., King of Sweden and Norway, whose death at Malmo, on September 18, has been announced, was born May 3, 1826, and was the grand-son of Charles XIV., otherwise known as the celebrated French General John Baptist Julius Bernadotte. He succeeded his father, Oscar I., on July 8, 1859, and was crowned at Stockholm, Sweden, on May 3, 1860, and at Drontheim, Norway, August 5, 1860. On June 19, 1850, he married the Princess Louisa, daughter of Prince Frederick of the Netherlands. The successor of Charles XV. is his only child and daughter, the Princess Louisa, who was born October 31, 1851, and who, on July 28, 1869, married Frederick, Prince Royal of Denmark. The eldest child of this marriage, Prince Christian, born September 6, 1870, will, if he lives, unite Sweden, Norway and Denmark under one monarch.

Complete official returns from the Congressional districts of Maine show the following Republican majorities:—First District, 2195; Second, 4157; Third, 3040; Fourth, 5159; Fifth, 3031.

A despatch from Teheran, Persia, reports that the cholera is raging with great violence in Bokhara. It is estimated that a thousand people are dying daily from the scourge.

Five hundred and ninety-eight Mormons, who arrived in the steamer Minnesota last Monday, left Jersey City, September 18, for Utah by the Pennsylvania Railroad.

BASE BALL.

ATHLETIC VS. BOSTON.

At Philadelphia, Sept. 14, the Athletic defeated the Boston by a score of 6 to 4.

ATHLETIC VS. ECKFORD.

At Philadelphia, Sept. 16, the Athletic defeated the Eckford by a score of 20 to 1.

MUTUAL VS ATHLETIC.

At New York, Sept. 17, the Mutual defeated the Athletic by a score of 10 to 3.

ATHLETIC VS. ECKFORD.

At New York, Sept. 19, the Athletic defeated the Eckford by a score of 15 to 4.

CRICKET.

The cricket match between the Gentlemen Eleven, of England, and twenty-two Americans of New York city, was concluded on the 19th of September. The Gentlemen of England defeated their opponents badly. Their score was as follows:

Grace	66	Appleby	5
Ottows	29	Rose	0
Hornby	17	Fitzgerald (not out)	0
Francis	38	Harris	9
A. Lubbock	51	Byes	9
Hadow	5	Leg bs	4
E. Lubbock	15	Wides	8
Total			249
Americans, 1st innings			60
" 2d "			47
Total			108

England wins in one innings, with 141 to spare. On the 21st of September, the Gentlemen of England will begin a three days' match with the Philadelphia cricketers, reputed the finest players in the country.

RUBINSTEIN.

THE GREAT PIANIST.

Of all the recent arrivals of distinguished foreign musicians we regard none as of equal importance with that of Anton Rubinstein the greatest living pianist, as we are informed by some of the best foreign critics. Lucca and Patti and the other singing birds from abroad will delight hundreds of thousands of people and afford them a transient satisfaction, but Rubinstein will give to our amateur and professional pianists examples of a higher and purer style of playing on that much-abused instrument, which will work out much good long after his return.

The classes we refer to are to be counted by tens of thousands. From dawn till midnight the sound of the piano is heard all over the land. If one had an ear of infinite capacity and sensitiveness, and could hear simultaneously the noises evoked from that instrument from Maine to California, he would probably anathematize the inventors and improvers and manufacturers of the piano to lasting punishment. Yet it is an educator of musical taste, and affords the means of acquiring musical knowledge. Among the myriads of "strummers," there are thousands whose comparative mastery of the instrument enables them to afford great pleasure and solid satisfaction to the members of the family and social circles.

To such the example of an artist like Rubinstein will be of great value. To unite with faultless and marvellous execution a delicate sensibility worthy of Chopin was the work reserved for Rubinstein, and the achievement which he has compassed. His playing will do much toward instructing our better pianists in a style of playing that has been too little cultivated and appreciated, and they, in turn, will diffuse a purer taste among the less instructed.

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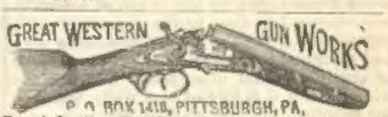

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WIT AND HUMOR.

LOOSE RHYMES.

An individual in this city writes to us as follows: Will you please tell me if there is any word which rhymes with 'loosed?' I am very anxious to know, and I cannot think of any myself." We are somewhat indisposed to help this miserable being, because we are morally certain that he is hatching out some kind of a terrific poem with which he intends to torment newspaper editors who never did him any harm. We will give him what assistance we can, however, with the express understanding that he is to commit suicide as soon as he gets it. There are only a few words which rhyme with "loosed." One of these is "boost." But that word should be used carefully. It would not appear to advantage in a tender love poem, or in lines upon the death of a very dear friend. It is in some sense a humorous word, and it would of course be very appropriate in a comic poem. If our young friend contemplates writing a comic poem, we should like to have early information of the fact, so that he can be dispatched at once, before he perpetrates the outrage. We will brain him ourselves with an ax in order to save the human race from such misery. The word "roost" also rhymes pretty well with "loosed," but it, too, requires careful manipulation. Suppose now, you were writing a hymn, and you jammed in the word "roost" because you were crazy to find a rhyme for "loosed," and that hymn should be placed in a church collection, it would cause disgraceful merriment in the sanctuary, and the Sunday-school boys would laugh and have fights with the sexton when he tried to put them out. Therefore we recommend the word "sluiced," which would work on very well in a sentimental poem: or "reduced," which would suit a labor poem on the eight-hour system; or "noosed" which might answer for a poetic description of an execution; or "refused," which, although a little rickety as a rhyme, would exactly describe the condition of the completed poem the very minute it got into an editor's hands.

THE AURORA BOREALIS.

Not a bad story is told at the expense of one of our most distinguished and estimable citizens. It seems that a dinner party was in progress during a brilliant display of Northern lights, and this gentleman, stepping out to cool his burning brow, was startled by the display about the frosty pole. He stood perfectly amazed; then, turning to the window, he saw within the wife of his bosom sitting with the ladies, waiting for their liege lords to end their champagne and segars. Pushing aside the lace curtains, he beckoned Mrs. Agnes—— to come out. She complied, when he said to her, solemnly:

"Wagnes, d'er see anything extronory now?"

"Yes, Dolly—I see that you have been drinking too much wine."

"No!—not that, Wagnes. I mean extronory phornomonums in atmosphere.

"Why, where, Dolly?"

"Upper yonder, Wagnes."

"Why, dear me!—yes! I do indeed—the most brilliant aurora I ever saw."

"Wagnes, are things a-shootin'?"

"Yes, dear."

"And a-flashin', Wagnes?"

"Yes! Dolly."

"An' a sorter spreadin' and dancin'—eh, Wagnes?"

"All that, my dear."

"Ho! ho!" laughed the husband, much relieved. "Do you know Wagnes—I mean Hagnes—when I came out an' saw the c'lestial phornomonums a-glowin' upper yonder, plague take me effer I didn't think I was drunk!"

A SCENE NOT IN THE BILLS.

Many stories are extant as to performances being interrupted by the entry of innocent messengers bringing to the players, in the presence of the audience, refreshments they had designed to consume behind the scenes, or sheltered from observation between the wings. Thus it is told of one Walls, who was the prompter in a Scottish theatre, and occasionally appeared in minor parts, that he once directed a maid-of-all-work, employed in the wardrobe department of the theatre, to bring him a gill of whisky. The night was wet, so the girl, not caring to go out, intrusted the commission to a little boy who happened to be standing by. The play was "Othello," and Walls played the Duke. The scene of the senate was in course of representation. Brabantio had just stated:—

"My particular grief
Is of so flood-gate and o'erbearing nature,
That it engluts and swallows other sorrows,
And it is still itself;"

and the Duke, obedient to his cue, had inquired:

"Why, what's the matter?"

when the little boy appeared upon the stage, bearing a pewter measure, and explained:

"It's just the whisky, Mr. Walls; and I couldna git ony at fourpence, so yer awn the landlord a penny; and he says it's time you was payin' what's doon i' the book."

The senate broke up amid the uproarious laughter of the audience.

OUT FOR GOOD.

In a certain town in the north of England not long ago, lived and died a worthy, well-known sculptor. A customer called one day at the works for the purpose of giving an order. Walking into the yard, he saw no one but a stolid-looking-mason, who was busy chiselling a death's-head and cross-bones. "Is Mr. Boeson in?" inquired our friend. "Naw" was the monosyllabic answer. "Never mind; I'll look in afterward." A second time he made his appearance, put the interrogatory, and received the same answer. A third time he called, and found the same man stilly busy with the mallet and chisel. "Is Mr. Boeson in yet?" he again interrogated. "Naw." "Do you think he will be in soon?" The answer was conclusive: "Naw, aw dinna think he'll be in suin; Mr. Boeson's died;" and the mallet and the chisel went on as before.

THE FOURTH.—Don Piatt, writing from the White Sulphur Springs, says: The paternal author of the belle here, it is said, the other day, shortly after his return to the Springs, was approached by a youth who requested a few minutes' conversation in private, and began, "I was requested to see you, sir, by your lovely daughter. Our attachment—" "Young man," interrupted the parent, briskly, "I don't know what that girl of mine is about. You are the fourth gentleman who has approached me this morning on that subject. I have given my consent to the others, and I give it to you. God bless you."

THE Mormons tell a good story of Brigham Young. Among the applicants for the special privilege of taking a second wife, there came, one day, a brother of very doubtful character, when something like the following dialogue ensued: "So you want another wife, do you?" "Yes; if you please, brother Brigham." "Well the short of the matter is, that you can't have one." "Why can't I have one as well as the other saints?" "So you want to know the whole story, do you?" "Yes; I should like to know why I can't have more than one wife, as well as the rest of 'em?" "Well, you shall know then in short order. I want your race to die out!"

COULD WE KNOW!

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Could we know the pain and sorrow
That the coming time may bring,
Would we toil on bravely, darling?
Would we ever care to sing?
Ah! I think our voice would falter,
And our eyes grow moist and dim,
And our music catch the cadence
Of a sad and mournful hymn.

Could we see the thorns and briars
Growing thickly round our way,
Would our hearts keep up their courage,
And go bravely on each day?
Rather would we sit down, saying,
"Thorns will wound and tear the feet,
So what use to venture through them?
We shall only find defeat!"

Oh, thank God! the clouds are hidden
That the days to come may bring;
In the sunshine of the present
Let us journey on and sing—
Let us pluck the flowers growing
In the grass about our feet,
And forget about the briars
Till their thorns we chance to meet.

Let us bridge the snares and pitfalls
With a faith both brave and strong,
And go journeying on together
With a glad triumphant song.
Many a voice will lose its gladness
In the minor notes of pain—
But remember, after shadows,
Will the sunshine come again.

EBEN E. REXFORD.

Leaves from a Pocket Diary.

No. 37.

A Japanned Candlestick.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY CAPTAIN CARNES.

"Ah, here's Dave," said one and another, moving to make room for the new-comer in the bar-room in Randy Bower's new hotel.

Dave advanced, giving evidence of seamanship in being able to steer his huge pipe safely into the corner. He had a nod and a handshake for a score of the rough men—pioneers of the canvas town that had crept forward upon the "American Desert," until it was nearly out of the scent of civilization.

"Got through safe?"

"All right this time—with a woman along as far as C——."

"Say, Dave, how long have you been stage-driver on this route?"

"Three years, almost. They're going to make new arrangements directly. I shall get the route from Macaw, five miles north of here, across the plains to Olney and back—forty miles each way."

"Who will go on from Macaw?"

"Bemis, I guess. He's got a rougher route, but not so much of the top-knot game to sport with. The fellows as hope to get passage with me across the plains occasionally, must be prepared to burn some powder."

"You apprehend difficulties, then?"

"Oh, yes, as soon as the grass gets started up tall enough to shelter the tattoos, the game of hide-and-seek will begin."

"By George, I shouldn't fancy the business," remarked an old settler, with a shrug.

"Nothing more amusing," coolly answers Dave, "than to bore their ears for jewelry;" and he whiffed rapidly until he eclipsed himself behind a cloud of smoke.

Directly he commenced laughing as if he felt pleased.

"I've always liked the business of driver ever since I was the proprietor of a notion cart in the Eastern States. Did I ever tell you of my first adventure with robbers?—in the early days, you know? I thought not. I am going to relate it now:

"I took to trade in those days as a legitimate business. After I had driven my cart for two years, finding that I was doing well, and could do better with a nicer assortment of goods, I had my cart fitted up for the plan that I had in view. I did capitally, and made a heap of money without telling lies enough to disturb a dyspeptic's slumbers. I delighted in lonely, unfrequented routes, for I was more likely to meet with ready sales in such localities—and so one night, just at dusk, I found myself in a dreary region in the north-eastern part of Maine. I had been in that locality before, and knew just how many patches of woods I should have to pass through, and over just how many stones I must rattle my bones, before I should sight the lighted binnacle oil of mine host of the Eagle House, where I regularly put up on my journeyings to and fro. So I said 'get up' to old Saladin, and snapped my whip-lash to emphasize my words.

"It would have been quite dark when I got my trusty steed's nose well adjusted over the demoralized hitching post, only a rim of the 'green cheese' did its crooked best to tint the face of nature with its famous lily white.

"The bit of country round about was in bad repute with its legend of a pack peddler murdered on a stormy night, and as I rode along I could see the end of the red house where he had gone in for a night's lodging and never came out, and the ravine at the back of the house where the fire had been seen burning early the morning after the awful deed was committed, when the tell-tale garments had been consumed—all these thoughts made me say again to Saladin 'get up.'

"I found the landlord of the Eagle cordially hospitable, and I soon had my horse stabled and was making a hearty supper of the food set before me. I was well-known thereabouts, and in country towns people's financial affairs are generally talked over. After my supper was finished the landlord and myself were inquiring and imparting the news. The most excitable part of his news was the fact of several daring highway robberies on the road leading from that place to Houlton.

"'Lucky, no doubt, that you don't drive much in the night,' quoth he, and I came near remarking that he was right, so long as I went unarmed. 'Have you any idea who the miscreants are?'

"'Not the least. What efforts that have been made to capture them have proved fruitless, but as a strange wherry has been noticed several times lying close into the creek just below here, it is presumed that they den upon the islands in the river; but the people have not yet investigated to the extent of finding out if there are any vestiges of them there.'

"I don't know why I then glanced about the bar-room, nevertheless I did do so, and a strange gleam of intelligence upon the faces of one or two of the young loungers there, set my thoughts in a ferment. However I had seen my cart run under cover, and after an hour's chat I retired, being wearied out with my day's jolting. Pretty soon I heard the outer door clang after the loafers, and peeping cautiously from the window I noticed two of the fellows hauling into the shadow of the stables, where they sat down for a half hour's consultation. At the end of that time hearing the groom coming out for the last feed, they skulked off. By Jove! I felt badly enough. I was just as sure as could be, that my cart was to be robbed, and what to do I did not know. I could not arouse the landlord with my suspicions, which after all might be groundless, and again there was another reason which I will come to directly. My mind took in a dozen things at once. If I should call for my horse and drive on, I should doubtless be waylaid and gain nothing. You may be sure that I promised myself a pistol if I got safely out of that little unpleasantness, and 'if,' said I, 'I could only get to the stable unseen, I could manage to defend my property.' For some time I sat pondering upon my disagreeable position, and as I recollected my rich stock of goods, I grew desperate. In the basement of my three storied cart was some five or six hundred dollars worth of silks, linens and worsted dress goods. In the next story were two compartments dividing the body of the vehicle up and down, lengthwise. In one of these were were stored my tin and japanned ware—the other part was devoted to notions, pins, needles, buttons, and so forth, and at this time was mostly empty; the attic was a general receptacle of all sorts of truck. My whole capital was invested in my stock of goods and as I pondered upon the matter I grew determined to save it.

"Cautiously I raised the window and looked out. The rind of cheese which I have previously mentioned was sliding rapidly toward the Western woods, and I might effect my quickly-conceived plan undetected. I found that I could leap from my window with a fair prospect of alighting upon the roof of the L; but that would not do, as the noise would doubtless arouse some one and cause discovery. I soon knotted my sheets corner-wise and made one end fast to the bed-post. I then got first upon the window stool, and let myself gradually loose upon my twisted sheet. There I swung for some time, trying to insinuate my toes into the water-gutter. Back and forth for a moment I dangled like a huge spider building his web, and at last I touched the desired point. Getting carefully along the gutter in my stockinged feet, for it was Fall, and quite a frost had already fallen, I came to the end of the L, and found the prospect of a two-story leap not pleasant. I must get up the roof to the ridge pole and see if some sort of a building did not join the house on the back side, which would allow me two short leaps instead of one long one. I got up over the shingles, working eyelet holes in sundry places, but found, as I had hoped, a sloping roof on the other side. Here, placing myself like a boy's sled with the runners well curled up at the toes, I avalanched from the ridge pole and safely landed in the back yard. Cautiously I dashed for the stable, but the doors were all padlocked. Here was a dilemma. I went around to the side where the stalls were, and found a small slide window open. Had I been a large man I should now have hesitated; but having no waste materials, I set myself in the frame and got my anatomy inside, all the while getting a little nervous at the thought of some straggler taking me for a target by reason of misinterpreting my present intentions.

"My horse knew me and neighed, but I had not a moment to lose. I inserted and left the key in the rear door of the second story of my cart, as if I might have forgot to remove it. I dropped the door, and by literally representing a good economist in that I made both ends meet, I got in at the end of the cart, and carefully straightening back, finally took up my position, feet toward the front in the notion department. I then brought the door up to its place and held it there by means of a string fastened to a tack near the lock, for I had to leave it ajar for breathing purposes. Now fairly on pins and needles, I awaited the results. I knew that it must be near midnight, and I hoped that I should not have long to remain, for my position was particularly cramping, inasmuch as I did not dare move an inch, nor a *foot*, lest I should set the tinware to chattering. As I pictured myself and the probable result of my manœuvre, I became so convulsed with laughter that I was in danger of rattling down and stabbing myself with some infernal bodkin or other murderous implement. Of course I could have watched and as effectually guarded my goods from any near position, but I had hit upon this novel plan for the sport of it.

"But in three-quarters of an hour the fun of my position was well knuckled out by pasteboard covers and pepper-boxes, and hard, miscellaneous packages.

"Hark! There was some one now carefully unlocking the stable door. I jerked the back of my cart in tight and listened. The door was first opened and then drawn to after the rascals, and I heard whispering. They advanced directly to the cart, and one uttered an exclamation of surprise on noticing the key in the lock.

"'There's nothing in there that we want,' observed one, 'that's only tinware.'

"'And live-stock,' I muttered to myself.

"'He's just got a new supply of silks and costly goods,' was the whispered remark of the other, 'and we might as well clean him out. Ned 'll sell the truck for us.'

"With this they began picking the lock of the basement where my dry-goods were kept. They had a dark lantern I could tell, for a patch of light the size of a shirt-button came in from a flaw in the door which I was holding with a string.

"They were soon into the drawer extracting the goods, with grunts of satisfaction.

"Picturing the result of my coming movement, I became so convulsed with mirth that I buried my face among the boxes, thereby bringing my nose almost into a package of pepper. A sneeze was inevitable. Smothered as it was by a frantic flattening of my face against the pasteboard, the cart fairly trembled on the springs, but the horses were stamping, and although one of them exclaimed in a quick whisper, 'For God's sake what was that?' a moment's listening quieted their alarm, and they fell to work with a will.

"The crisis had come. Getting myself a trifle more together, I simultaneously dropped the door and moving my arm over a winrow of tin dishes, my cart actually exploded its noisy bowels into their astounded faces, upsetting and demolishing their lamp before they had made up their distracted minds whether it was an earthquake or if a meteor had fallen upon their heads. With a low, howling imprecation they had started for the door, while round tins and basins were running giggling about the stables and under their shuddering feet.

"At the instant of the cart explosion, a brilliant idea had dawned upon my mind, and seizing in each hand a japanned candlestick, I called upon them to surrender or I would fire, and I snapped the slides of the candlesticks in consonance with my threat.

"They turned, and would have grappled with and overpowered me, but springing upon the nearest one I placed the cold muzzle of my weapon against his forehead.

"'Don't fire, Dave, for God's sake!' was the agonized appeal, revealing as I had more than half suspected that one of the petty thieves was the landlord's son.

"'Well, I declare,' I exclaimed, snapping the slide of the left hand candle-stick, 'this is astounding. Who is your confederate—don't stir,' I went on, seeing that the other fellow was edging toward the open door. The chap fairly fell on his knees.

"'Don't betray us, Dave, and I'll do anything for you.'

"'Indeed—Indeed? *Is that* the way you bribe when you commit your highway robberies, cowards as well as villains?'

"'No, no,' they both exclaimed, '*that* is not us that robs; this, I swear, *is* our first transgression, and it had its origin last evening while the people were talking of the highwaymen. We never thought of it until then, and—and we wanted some money like other young fellows to make a show with, and so planned this proceeding; but, oh, Dave, if you will let us off undiscovered this time, we will swear never, never to attempt such a thing again.'

"I pitied the miserable wretches, and I believed them; and they both convinced me that they were unarmed. For five minutes I hesitated, and then silently chucking my candlesticks into my breeches pockets, in a voice hoarse with emotion, I agreed to let them off, seasoning my clemency with a threat that if ever the youngsters were caught even in pilfering the rind of an orange I would arrest them on this old score; and thus suspending over their heads a sword held by a hair, I ordered the landlord's boy to open the door, so that directly after I had replaced my scattered goods, I could regain my room without disturbing the family."

"Relays in *half* an hour," bawled the stable boy.

"All right," says Dave, "I want to spank off twenty miles before daylight; but you have a moral question to settle among you, gentlemen, whether or no crime of all grades may not be a contagious disease, and whether vaccination would remove any of its virulence. At any rate I saved six hundred dollars worth of goods, or rather protected it, with a candlestick."

The pipe being well smoked, the buff gloves drawn on, Dave was ready to start when the horses were brought to the door.

"What do you think of that fellow?" one old chap asked of another, after the stage driver had gone out. "He has got a head," was the astounding news—"did you ever notice how his forehead projects over his keen, merry eyes?"

"Yes, sir; that's what I call a pediment and to his upper story—a first-class addition."

PRIZES FOR SUICIDE.

We have all heard of the testimony of the Boston physicians against the system of forcing pursued by the public schools of that city—of its tendency to produce nervous diseases, and even, in some instances, insanity itself. The testimony is so strong and positive, and so unanimous, that it must be accepted as true. Some weeks ago, at the commencement anniversary of a college, not in Boston or New England, a long row of young men were called up to receive the prizes awarded to various forms of acquisition and scholarship. It was pleasant to see their shining faces, and to witness their triumph; but the pleasure was spoiled by the patent fact that their victories had been won at the expense of physical vitality. Physically, there was not a well-developed man among them; and many of them were as thin as if they had just risen from a bed of sickness. After they had left the stage, a whole class was called on, to receive their diplomas. The improvement in the average physique was so great that there was a universal recognition of the fact by the audience; and whispered comments upon it went around the assembly. The poorer scholars were undeniably the larger and healthier men. The victors had won a medal, and lost that which is of more value than the aggregate of all the gold medals ever struck.

There is one lesson which teachers, of all men living, are the slowest to learn, viz., that scholarship is not power, and that the ability to acquire is not the ability to do. The rewards of excellence in schools and colleges are, as a rule, meted out to those who have demonstrated their capacity for acquiring and cramming. The practical world has ceased to expect much of its valedictorians and its prize-medal bearers. Those whose growth of power is slow, and whose vitality has been unimpaired by excessive study during the years of physical development, are the men who do, and who always have done, the work of the world. Thousands of educated men go through life with feeble health, and power impaired, and limited usefulness, in direct consequence of their early triumphs, or, rather, of the sacrifices by which those triumphs were won.

We cannot but believe that prizes do more harm than good, and that it would be a blessing to the nation if they could be abolished in every school and college in the country. They are won invariably by those who need rather to be restrained than stimulated, and are rarely contended for by those whose sluggish natures alone require an extraordinary motive to exertion and industry. Their award is based upon the narrowest grounds. Their tendency is to convey a false idea of manly excellence, and to discourage the development of the stronger and healthier forms of physical and mental life. The young man who goes to the work of his life with a firm and healthy frame, a pure heart, and the ability to use such knowledge as he possesses, is worth to himself, his friends, and the world, a thousand times more than the emaciated scholar whose stomach is the abode of dyspepsia, and whose brain is a lumber-house of unused learning. If we have any prizes to give, let us give them to those young men of delicate organizations and the power of easy acquisition who restrain their ambition to excel in scholarship, and build up for themselves a body fit to give their minds a comfortable dwelling-place and forcible and facile service. These would be prizes worth securing, and they would point to the highest form of manhood as their aim and end.

The tendency in all these educational matters is to extremes. It is quite as much so in England as here. We have no sympathy with the aim which is fostered in some institutions of making athletics of the students. Base-ball matches, and rowing-matches, and acrobatic feats are well enough for those who have no brains to cultivate, or who are not engaged in educating and storing them; but they are not the things for studious young men. The awful strain that they inflict upon the body draws all the nervous energy to the support of the muscular system and kills the ability to study. More than all, they wound the vitality of every man who engages in them. We once heard an English clergyman say that every noted athlete of his (the clergyman's) class in the university was either dead or worse. Moderate play every day in the open air, limited hours of study in the day-time, pleasant social intercourse, unlimited sleep, good food, the education of power by its use in writing, speaking, and debating—these are what make men of symmetry, health, and usefulness. The forcing process, in whatever way applied, and to whatever set of powers, is a dangerous process. We make a great stir over the flogging of a refractory boy by a teacher. Whole communities are sometimes convulsed by what is regarded as a case of physical cruelty in a school, but the truth is that the ferule and the rawhide are the mildest instruments of cruelty in the hands of more teachers than can be counted. The boy who is crowded to do more than he ought to do in study, and so crowded that he is enfeebled, or takes on disease of the brain and nervous system at the first onset of sickness, is the victim of the subtlest cruelty that can be practiced upon him.

We write strongly of these things because we feel strongly. We believe that there is a wrong practiced upon the children and young men of the country that ought to be righted. We believe, too, that not only teachers but parents are blameworthy in this matter. It all comes of a false idea of education. To acquire what is written in books—in the quickest way and in the greatest quantity—this is education in the popular opinion. The enormous mistakes and fatal policies of which we complain all grow out of this error. Half of the schooling which we give those children who go to school would be better than the whole; while the poor third, who do not go to school at all, would give employment to the unused energies of those teachers whose time would be released to them by such a reduction of school hours. Six hours of daily imprisonment for a child is cruelty, without any reference to the tasks to which he is held during that period.—*Scribner's Monthly.*

THE MOMENTOUS QUESTION.

ELIGIBLE BACHELOR.—"Shall I follow you up, Annie; or leave myself for Lizzie?"

Answers to Correspondents.

ALICE H., (Longwood, Missouri,) writes: "Will you please tell me through the correspondents' column the origin of the term 'Grass Widow?' A friend and myself had a discussion concerning it, and I do not feel satisfied with her definition. I looked in Webster's dictionary, but could not find it, if it is defined there." The term Grass Widow is now used for a wife temporarily parted from her husband. The word means a *grass* widow, a widow by courtesy. Lately a different idea has become attached to this term. During the California gold fever a man would not unfrequently put his wife and children to board with some family while he went to the diggings. This he called "putting his wife to grass," as we put a horse to grass when not wanted, or unfit for work.

P. H. R., (Claymont, Del.,) writes: "A friend and myself have had a long discussion in regard to railroad companies. It is my opinion that the Pennsylvania Central and combined roads are the most powerful in this country. But my friend argues (being a resident of New York city) that the New York Central stands the highest. I have communicated with several on the subject, and they entirely agree with me." We will give you a few statistics in regard to the roads mentioned, and leave you to judge for yourself. At the close of the year 1870 the New York Central owned 787 miles of road, and leased 105, making their total length of road 892 miles. Their gross earnings in that year were $24,363,000, expenses $14,068,000. Profits, $8,725,000. Dividends, $6,981,600. In the same year the Pennsylvania Central owned and leased 631 miles, whose operations were included in their report, and leased, directly or indirectly, 1947 miles, separately reported. Their gross earnings in that year were $17,531,000. Expenses, $11,260,000. Profits, $6,271,000. Dividends, $3,455,000. The earnings of all the roads operated by the Pennsylvania Central were $29,605,000. Expenses, $23,165,000. Profits, $6,400,000. Since then, the Camden and Amboy and connected lines have been leased.

I. H. T., (Maple Mills, Va.,) writes: "Will you please answer a few questions for me? 1st. Is the firm of Nelson & Co., pistol makers, Harlem, Mo., reliable? If ordered will they send the article as represented in the advertisement in the Post? 2d. To whom are contributions to the riddler addressed?" 1st. We have already stated that the firm in question is unreliable. Do not trust their representations. We have stopped advertising for them. 2d. To the editor of the Post.

ANNIE, (Lambertville, N. J.,) We do not give the address of our correspondents in the paper. The two writers you inquire about are not the same. It will depend somewhat upon the state of her health which is rather poor. Your handwriting is good.

PUG, (Pleasant Hill, Mo.,) writes: "You will confer a favor by answering the following questions: 1st. What pay does a United States detective receive? 2d. To whom should a person apply for an appointment to such position? 3d. What qualifications are required? 4th. Is it an honorable calling. 5th. What do you think of my writing?" You will find it a very difficult matter to obtain such a position. In fact, if not already experienced as a detective, you would have no chance. We do not know the particulars concerning that branch of the United States service, but, in any case, would advise you not to trouble yourself to obtain such an appointment. You would find it more plague than profit. Your handwriting is very ordinary.

F. M. SKIFF, (Ricesville, Pa.,) We cannot put your arithmetical explanation in our columns, unless we had a special engraving made for it; an expense that we do not think its importance warrants. We therefore simply state to our mathematical readers, that Mr. Skiff alleges that the problem propounded by a correspondent in the Post of August 3d, can be solved arithmetically without guessing. Any one curious as to how he does it, can write to him upon the subject.

BETSY JANE, (Sugartree Swamp, Pa.,) writes: "Seeing in your correspondents' column that Mr. James H. S., Erie, Pa., wishes to know where he can get St. Ignatius Bean; he can get it from McClarron & McKeenan, druggists, in Pittsburg, Pa. 1st. Will you please tell me, if you can, where Kesick Knitting Machine Company is, since it removed from the old stand? 2d. If I adopt a child, will it become a lawful heir when of age? 3d. If you were Lena Q., would you not kiss your lover if you wished to, without Mr. Post's consent? I suppose she does not like to risk too much without advice." Thanks for your information. 1st. We do not know the present location of the Company. Perhaps some one connected with it may oblige us with an answer. 2d. Yes, if legally adopted. You would have to go into Court, and go through the legal process of adoption. 3d. Probably.

S. O. L. D., (Creek Centre, N. Y.,) says: "In the Post of July 20th, I find an advertisement headed, Pocket Revolvers at Cost, &c., by Nelson & Co., of Harlem, Mo. Please let me know, through your answers to correspondents, if you think said firm is responsible, or if there is any such firm at that place?" We have answered this question, already several times. The firm is not reliable.

FRENCHY, (Osceola, Iowa,) asks the cost of a dictionary of the French language with the definitions in English. We will send him Gasc's Dictionary for $1.25.

[Several letters are held over to be answered in our next.]

☞ An English seronant wants to go for Dr. Livingstone in a balloon.

RIDDLER.

Charades, Riddles, Problems, etc., must always be accompanied by their answers, or they will not be published.

All who take an interest in this column are respectfully invited to contribute.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 56 letters.
My 4, 10, 24, 14, 33, 39, 1, 30, 15, 9, 47, is one of the muses.
My 18, 37, 49, 19, 26, is one of the classic poets.
My 3, 49, 55, 48, 16, 54, is one of the cities which claim to have been his birth-place.
My 2, 23, 25, 1, 18, 36, 44, 14, 42, 32, 56, was one of the celebrated oracles.
My 1, 6, 35, 24, 36, 31, 17, 32, 10, 8, 9, 15, 40, 46, 19, is a well-known novelist.
My 45, 13, 53, 1, 34, 42, 21, is the name of a flower.
My 39, 29, 50, 36, 7, is a beautiful country.
My 12, 42, 1, 22, 39, 31, 51, 21, 9, 55, is a very useful book.
My 26, 31, 9, 5, is a defence in time of war.
My 38, 48, 31, 56, 37, is a symptom of cold weather.
My 20, 47, 41, 51, 19, 56, 53, 11, 52, is one of the days of the week.
My whole is a verse in the Bible.

MARGARETTE.

ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 17 letters.
My 1, 16, 11, 17, 2, is a weapon.
My 4, 5, 6, is a kind of vase.
My 3, 8, 12, 17, is an instrument.
My 15, 14, 13, 9, 16, 7, 9, is a sickness.
My 10, 16, 2, is what all must do.
My whole is a motto.

FLORENCE.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first's a kind of vehicle;
My second on a hill is found.
My whole a warlike instrument
Brings many a soldier to the ground.

Ft. Snelling, Minn. GAHMEW.

PUZZLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

"M, E, N, E, D, E, T, O, W, I, R, H."

Poet.

"C, S, U, I, S, E."

Poem.

These letters properly arranged name a modern poet and one of his poems.

Sussex, Va. ANDREW.

WORD SQUARES.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I.

A mistake.
To set up.
Signifying stiff.
A twig.
To dry again.

II.

To call on, to attend.
An adjective meaning angry.
A cavalry sword.
Parts, small articles.
Expressive.

III.

To break violently.
To bring together.
Strictness.
A violent agitation of the atmosphere.
Conditions, propositions.

S. E. S.

ALGEBRAICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A and B rent a pasture jointly for 6 weeks. A at first put in some horses, and B put in 12 horses less than A, when they find that A must pay $9.00 *more* per week than B. On the expiration of 4 weeks, A took out 8 of his horses, and B put in 10 more, when it is found that A must pay $4.32 *less* per week than B. Required—the number of horses A put in at first, and the sum of money each must pay at the end of the 6 weeks?

ARTEMAS MARTIN.

Erie, Erie Co., Pa.

ANSWERS TO LAST.

ENIGMA—Peterson. CHARADE—Red Sea. BURIED RIVERS—1, Tay; 2, Wear; 3, Don. REBUS—Itasca. Iron, tin, Antietam, snow, car, apple.

WORD SQUARES—

I.
H A R P
A F A R
R A G E
P R E Y

II.
L I L A C
I M A G E
L A D E N
A G E N T
C E N T S

III.
O M E N
M A T E
E T N A
N E A P

RECEIPTS.

TOMATO MARMALADE.—Take a peck of fine, large, ripe tomatoes, free from blemishes, wash them, free them of the stems and boil them in their own juice till soft, then strain them through a hair seive; return them to the kettle, with salt, pepper, sugar and spices to your taste; stew them till very thick. Put them away in pint earthern jars in a dry place.

PEACH MANGOES.—Take large free-stone peaches, split them on one side, and take out the stone, then make a stuffing of horse-radish, mustard seed, celery seed, mace, onions or garlic, a sprinkle of salt; moisten all these with sweet oil. Fill your peaches, tie them around with strong flax thread and fill a stone jar, then pour over them strong vinegar with sugar as much as you like.

Onions, peppers, beans, young corn, cauliflowers, broccoli, and, indeed, any vegetable usually pickled, may be put up with the same seasoning. There need be no separate receipts for them.

CUCUMBER CATSUP.—Gather the cucumbers the day before you make the catsup, then peel and grate them, pour off all the water and throw it away; grate enough of white onions to flavor it, and then add black and Cayenne pepper and salt; stir all well together, fill the bottles half full of the mixture, then fill them up with good cider vinegar. Some chop the cucumbers and onions, and others add mustard.

SLICED POTATO PIES.—Boil sweet potatoes till slightly done; slice them, and fill a deep plate with alternate layers of sliced potatoes, butter, sugar, spices, and brandy, say about one wineglass of brandy to a large pie; sugar and butter as you like. Cover your pie with puff-paste and bake it. It should be served hot. It is a substitute for minced pies.

SWEET PICKLED PEACHES.—To six pounds of peaches put three pounds of sugar and one pint of vinegar. Mace, allspice, cinnamon, each a spoonful, and six cloves, to be beaten, tied up in a muslin bag and dropped in the pickled peaches while boiling. Boil quite thick, stirring constantly.

TO PICKLE PEACHES, No. 2.—Wash clingstone peaches, and stick them full of cloves; put them in a stone jar. Boil strong vinegar with sufficient sugar to give it a sweet taste, and pour it boiling hot over the peaches. It should be more than sufficient to cover them. Close the jar well from the air. You may omit the cloves, and add mace to the boiling vinegar instead.